

WHY GEORGE RAFT WILL NEVER MARRY

HOLLYWOOD



15c in Canada

10
¢

February

1944



NORMA SHEARER

Confessions of a
MOVIE PLAYGIRL

IT'S EASY TO PUT ON
LOVELY CURVES NOW!



Comparison of Minerals in Kelp-A-Malt and Vegetables

3 KELP-A-MALT TABLETS CONTAIN

1. More Iron and Copper than 1 pound of spinach or 7½ pounds of fresh tomatoes or 3 pounds of asparagus, for rich blood, strength, energy.
2. More Phosphorus than ½ pound of carrots for sturdy bones, strong white teeth.
3. More Calcium than 1 pound of cabbage for resistance to disease, wards off colds, etc.
4. More Iodine than 486 pounds of spinach, 30 pounds of fish, 660 pounds of beef, for preventing goitre, glandular disturbances and improving reproductivity.
5. More Sulphur than 2 pounds of potatoes, for prompt elimination.
6. More Sodium than 3 pounds of turnips, for correcting stomach, gas and acidity.
7. More Potassium than 6 pounds of beans, for improving heart and liver action.
8. More Magnesium than 1 pound of celery, for clear skin and pure blood.

Skinny?

ADD 5 POUNDS OF ALLURING CURVES

...this quick new way!

New Natural Mineral Concentrate
From the Sea—Free from Drugs—
Fills Out Ugly Hollows With Firm
Flesh—OR NO COST!

Here is good news for skinny, under-weight folks who can't seem to put on a pound no matter what they eat.

There is a new way to add 3 to 8 lbs. in 12 days or it doesn't cost you a penny. Thousands of skinny, scrawny, rundown people have tried it and are amazed at this astounding new natural way to win back health and weight. Yet these results are not unusual. Doctors know how vitally necessary are natural food minerals often so woefully lacking in even the most carefully devised fresh vegetable diets. Unless your system gets the proper amount of these minerals, many of them needed in only the tiniest quantities, even the best food fails to nourish you, fails to build rich, red blood, firm flesh and sturdy muscles. This lack of mineralization results in the failure to digest starches and fats in the normal diet. It makes no difference whether your appetite is good or bad, your food is converted into poisonous wastes instead of firm flesh and tireless energy.

Food specialists, however, have only recently discovered a marvelous source of practically every single mineral essential to body needs. It is known as Kelp-a-Malt, a pleasant, easy to take vegetable concentrate, made from a luxuriant sea plant from the Pacific Ocean combined with diastatic malt extract, in delicious, pleasant tasting tablets. It provides in easily assimilable form iron, copper and manganese for tireless vigor and vitality, calcium and phosphorus for strong teeth and bones, sulphur for proper elimination, sodium, potassium and magnesium to correct stomach gas, acidity and indigestion.

Supplies Newer Form of Food Iodine

And most important—Kelp-a-Malt is the richest known source of the newer form of food iodine, the lack of which experts in nutrition maintain is our foremost national health problem.

Scientists know that the blood, liver and vital glands of the body contain definite, determined quantities of iodine which, heretofore, have been difficult to obtain. A recent report indicates that 60 million people in the United States alone fail to get enough iodine in their daily food. To overcome this deficiency, dietitians suggest that we should all eat two plates of raw oysters—heretofore regarded as the best source of iodine—each week, to overcome this appalling iodine shortage. Yet Kelp-a-Malt, this newest vegetable concentrate contains thirteen hundred times more food iodine than oysters!

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week. Watch your appetite improve, firm flesh appear instead of scrawny hollows. Feel the tireless vigor and vitality it brings you. It not only improves your looks, but your health as well. It corrects sour, acid stomach. Gas indigestion and all the usual distress commonly experienced by the undernourished and the underweight disappear.

Money Back Guarantee

Prove the worth of this amazing weight builder today. Two weeks are required to effect a change in the mineralization of the body. At the end of that time, if you have not gained at least 8 pounds, do not look better, feel better and have more endurance than ever before, send back the unused tablets and every penny of your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Introductory Offer

Don't wait any longer. Order Kelp-a-Malt today. Regain lost pep and youthful energy this easy scientific way. Special short time introductory offer gives you 10-day trial treatment of Kelp-a-Malt for \$1.00. Regular large size bottle (200 Jumbo size tablets) 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets for only \$1.95, 600 tablets \$4.95, postage prepaid. Plain wrapped. Sent C. O. D. 20c extra. Get your Kelp-a-Malt before this offer expires. Sold only by mail.

Seedol Laboratories
Dept. 73, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen—Please send me postpaid

☐ 10 Day Trial Treatment Kelp-A-Malt—\$1.00.

☐ 200 Jumbo size Kelp-A-Malt tablets. Price \$1.95.

☐ 600 Jumbo size Kelp-A-Malt tablets. Price \$4.95. (Check amount wanted.)

for which enclosed find.....
C. O. D. 20c extra.

Name

St. Address.....

CityState



KELP-A-MALT

Isn't It A Shame!



CLEVER GIRL... SWELL SENSE OF HUMOR... BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Patricia is as witty as Broadway, and her laughter is as lilting as a gold-finch's song! She's grand company. But—there's a "but" about Patricia!



On skis and on skates, Patricia skims along like a snow-bird! She's sparkling—amusing—she's fun! But the "but" about Patricia spoils many a "date"!



Men hear about Patricia—and ask to meet this witty girl. But they listen—they look—and they leave. For the "but" about Patricia is her teeth!



Why has nobody told Patricia that tender gums—"pink tooth brush"—can rob a girl's teeth of their sparkle—can rob her smile of its charm!



Adentist would tell Patricia to clean her teeth and massage her gums—with Ipana, which tones the gums as well as brightens the teeth!



Soon enough—with Ipana—Patricia would be attractive again when she laughed and when she talked. Patricia would be popular with men!

DO YOU—like poor Patricia—have tender gums and dingy-looking teeth which ruin your looks when you laugh or talk?

Your dentist knows a lot about gums! He knows that they need massage—with Ipana Tooth Paste!

He knows that today's foods, so deliciously creamy and tender, do not exercise the gums or give them the stimulation they must have to

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

stay hard and healthy. He knows that unexercised gums tend to become flabby and often to bleed.

Ask him about "pink tooth brush"! He'll soon enough tell you that it may dull your teeth—that it may lead to gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and

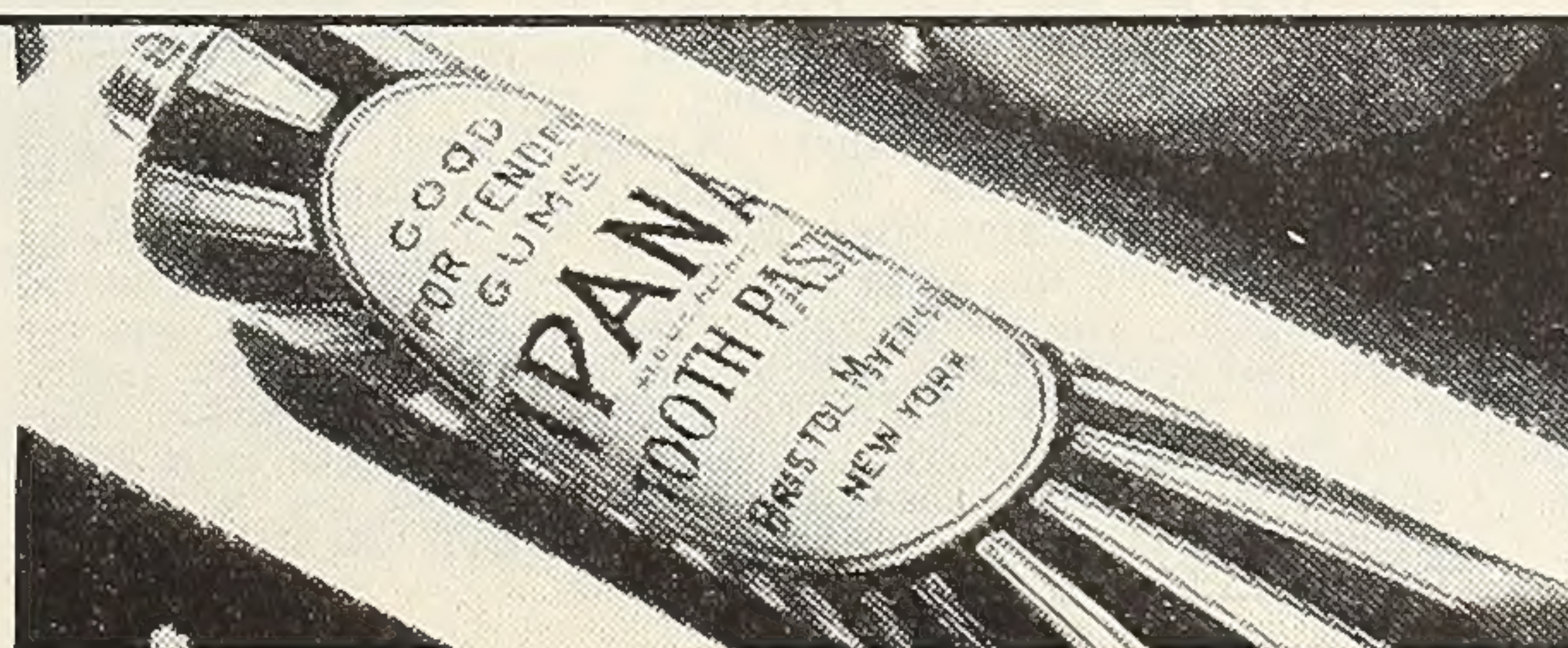
even pyorrhea—that it may actually endanger the soundest teeth.

Don't be like Patricia.

Today—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste, and begin to care for your unhealthy gums as well as for your teeth. Clean your teeth with Ipana, and with a little extra Ipana on your fingertip, massage your gums. Your teeth will brighten as your gums become firmer.

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING... 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. M-24
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____





ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

Contents for February, 1934

ARTHUR C. JANISCH
Assistant Editor

FEATURES

- Why George Raft Will Never Marry!** By Mary Nye 14
George personally reveals his reasons
- Gary Falls in Love** By Ruth Biery 21
Gary Cooper's first real romance
- She Dares to Be Different!** By Marcella Burke 22
Katharine Hepburn's definite purpose
- Art is the Bunk!** By Ben Maddox 23
Rochelle Hudson tells why
- Going to the Movies in Tahiti** By Donald G. Cooley 24
A traveler spins a fascinating yarn
- That Ropin' Rogers Kid** By Guy Weadick 36
A cowboy pal tells on Will Rogers
- As the Earth Turns** By Alyce Curtis 37
Introducing sensational Jean Muir
- "I'm Through with Love!"** By Ruth Biery 39
Russ Columbo has a good reason
- Can a Woman Love Two Men at the Same Time?** By Gladys McVeigh 40
Miriam Hopkins gives her opinion
- Confessions of a Movie Play-Girl** By Sigurd Ericsson 42
Do you remember this girl?
- You Can't Beat a Girl Like That!** By Lee Warwick 52
That's why Margaret Sullavan heads the list!

MOVIE ROMANCE

- The Long Lost Father** By Edward R. Sammis 30
John Barrymore's latest film story

FASHIONS AND BEAUTY

- Miriam Jordan Offers a New Frock** 45
HOLLYWOOD'S Pattern Service
- Mae West's Beauty Secrets** 46
How you can acquire her allure!

DEPARTMENTS

- What's New on the Screen** 6
- The Editor's Mailbag** 10
- The Publisher's Page** 12
- With the News Sleuth** 26
- Cross-Examining the Stars** 44

J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

Western Editor

HOLLYWOOD is published monthly by Hollywood Magazine, Inc., 1100 W. Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Louisville, Ky., August 11, 1930, under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1934. W. H. Fawcett, Publisher; Roscoe Fawcett, Editor and General Manager; S. F. Nelson, Advertising Director; Douglas Lurton, Managing Editor. All manuscripts should be addressed to the editorial office at 529 South 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minn. Western office, 6605 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. Subscription rate, \$1.00 per year and 10c per copy in United States and possessions. In Canada \$1.50 per year, 15c a copy. Unless otherwise stated, all names used in fiction stories are assumed. Printed in U. S. A. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.



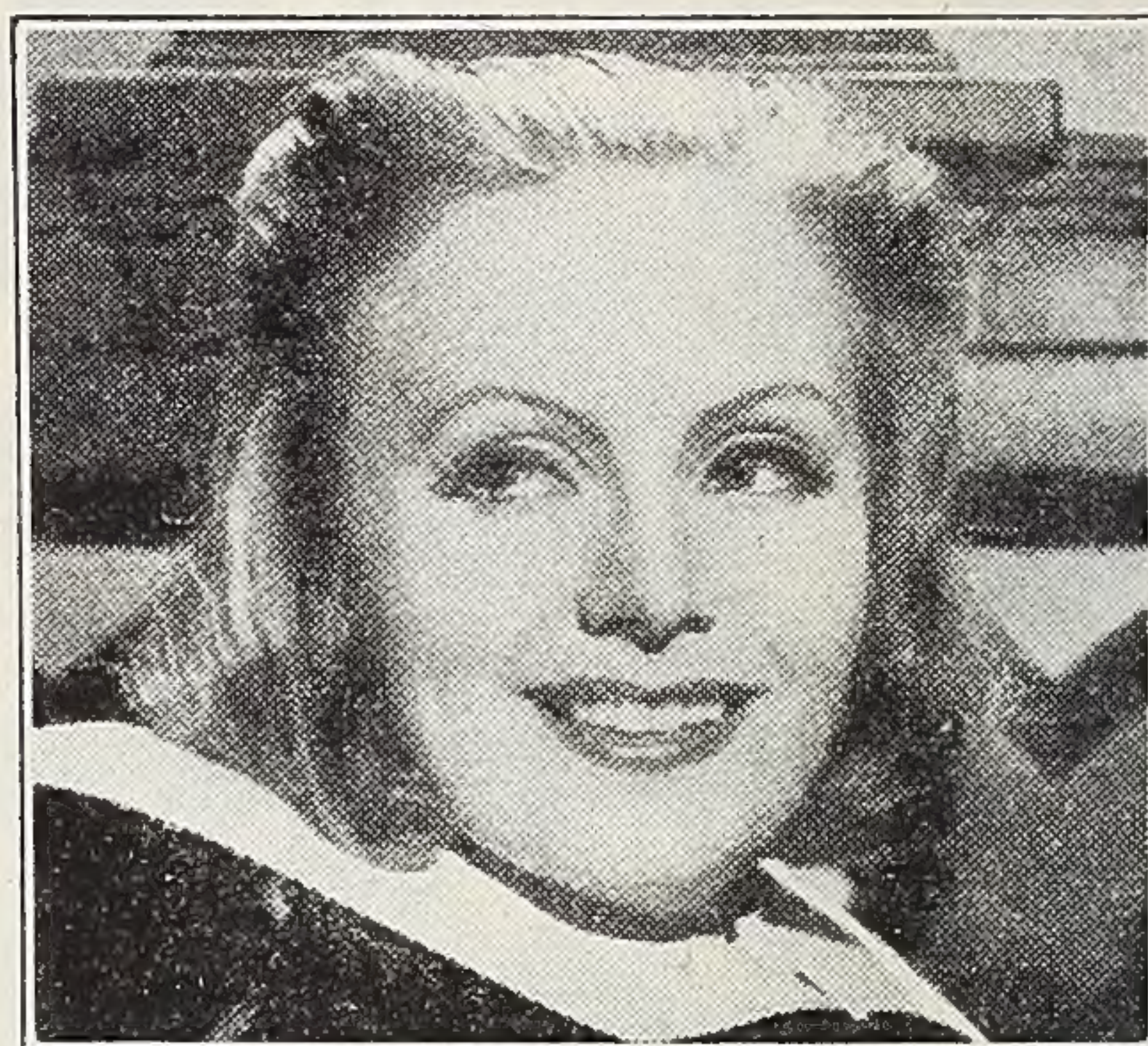
Stuart Erwin, who plays the title rôle in Joe Palooka, based on the comic strip, and Lupe Velez, also in the film

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S CUFF

GREGORY RATOFF, the actor, penned the story of his own life into a ditty entitled, *I Loved An Actress* . . . and what's more he sold it to RKO-Radio for a picture . . . Jimmy Durante's schnozzle has brought him so much fame that he's trying to copyright his name even against its usage on foods and watches . . . Because one of the trio was a pal of his late father, Frank Bacon of *Lightnin'* fame, Director Lloyd Bacon has established three old cronies on a California ranch.

Constance Cummings wears her hose inside out the first day on each new picture . . . Betcha didn't know that Katharine Hepburn can and does do cartwheels . . . Don't let on that we told you, but Garbo is an ardent follower of the newspaper comic strips . . . That's why she named her new Scotty, *Wimpy* . . . The fire that damaged Joan Blondell's hill-top abode also burned off her eyebrows . . . Preston Foster can write with both hands . . . and at the same time, too.

One of the real characters in Hollywood is Jasper Polly, sole owner, proprietor, trainer and pal of a parrot . . . Polly and his parrot have averaged four working days a week at \$25 a day for the last five years . . . When Mary Brian began housekeeping in her new home at Toluca Lake, the only furnishings in the place were a small rug, two chairs and a stove.



A rare smiling portrait of Greta Garbo, made when she was in a light-hearted mood on the Queen Christina set

OF INTEREST TO ALL FANS

IDA LUPINO, accomplished English lass who lost out in the *Alice in Wonderland* race, will be featured by Paramount in *Pursuit of Happiness* . . . Charlotte Henry will do a personal appearance tour before starring in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* . . . Jean Ward, daughter of the chief justice of the California Supreme Court, has deserted San Francisco society for a whirl at the talkies . . . *The Witch of Wall Street* will be May Robson's first starring ship for metro.

Now that Gary Evans is old enough to be left with his nurse, Mama Dixie Lee will resume her flicker career . . . Did you know that Margaret Sullavan, Universal's find, has a husband in the offing? . . . Lenore Ulrich will star in a Vicki Baum original for RKO-Radio . . . George Bernard Shaw, champion scoffer, has relented toward the movies . . . He's just sold the rights to *The Devil's Disciple* to RKO-Radio . . . and John Barrymore is to have a title rôle.

Richard Arlen gets the stellar spot in Paramount's *A Son Comes Home* . . . Frank (hic) McHugh and his bride have built a new home at Toluca Lake . . . Wynne Gibson narrowly dodged death when her car jumped an Oregon highway and rolled down an embankment . . . Kathryn Crawford sustained a fractured leg when she fell out of an apartment hotel window.

GOOD NUMBERS FROM PARAMOUNT

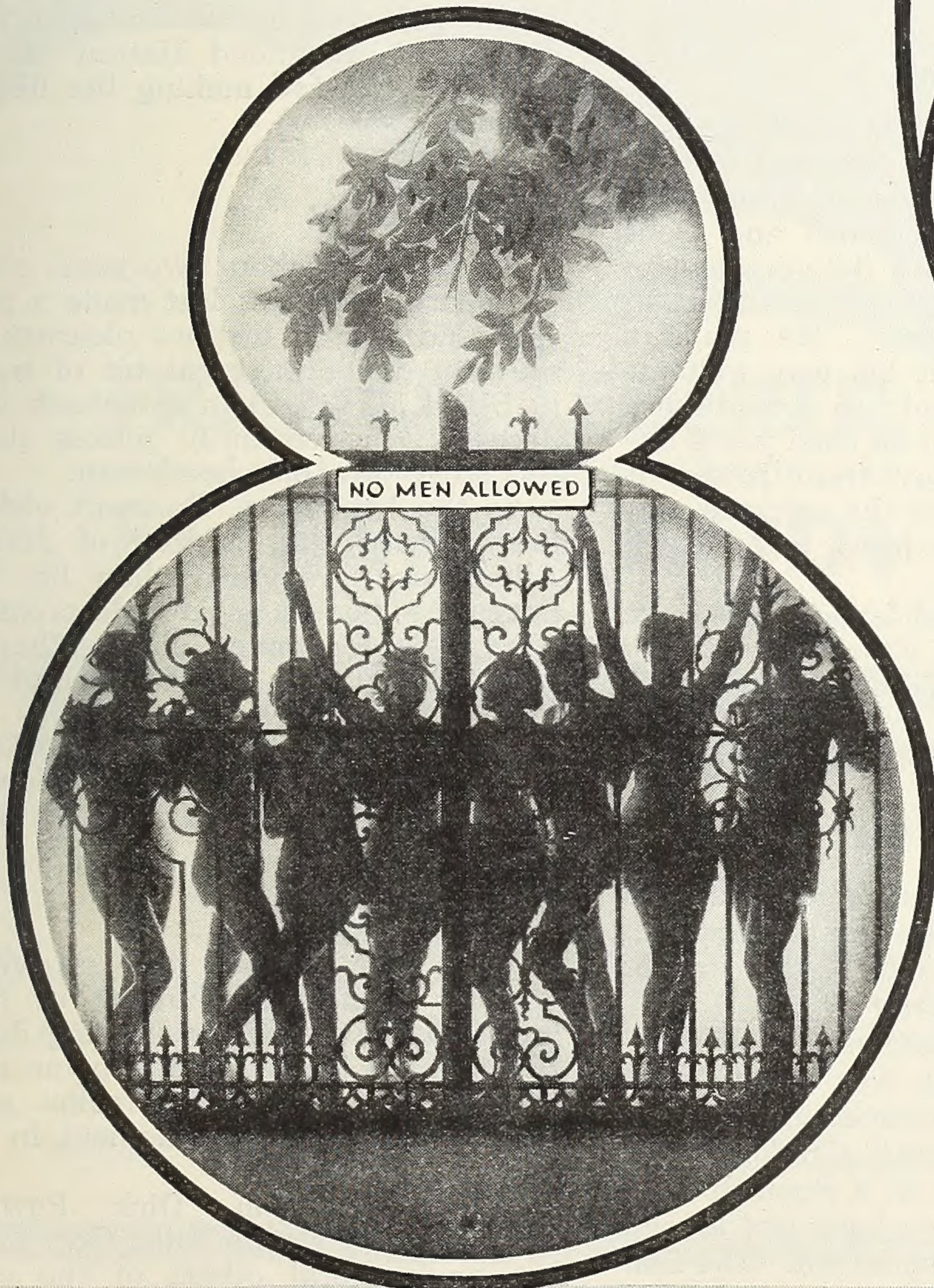


"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

Four frightened people fleeing into a tropical jungle to escape from a plague-ridden ship . . . shedding their good manners with their clothes . . . casting civilization aside, being once more, "Male and Female." The people—Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, William Gargan. The director—Cecil B. DeMille.

"SIX OF A KIND"

Six riotous comedians, out for fun . . . six larcenous picture-snatchers, stealing laughs from each other, six grand mirthmakers in a story made for mirth. The six—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen. The director—Leo McCarey.



"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"

Eight lovely girls in a school where men were forbidden. Eight girls dreaming spring dreams . . . a lover looked in at the window and then there were seven. The eighth girl—Dorothy Wilson . . . the lover—Douglas Montgomery. The director—Richard Wallace.

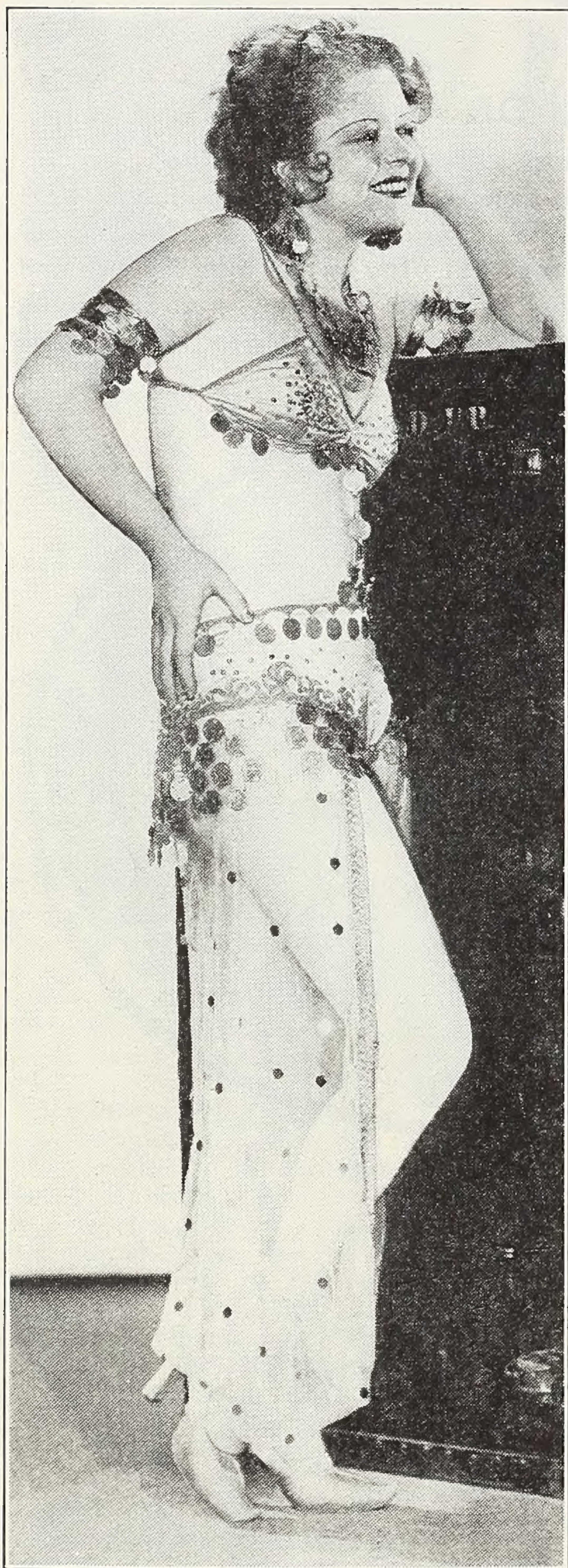


if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town

WHAT'S NEW *on the* SCREEN

A PREVIEW OF THE LATEST PICTURE OFFERINGS

The picture scout's tipoff on what is worth seeing in current and future films



Clara Bow offers all of the appeal of the "It-girl" that endeared her to fans, in *Hoopla*, new talkie picturization of the stage hit, *The Barker*. With her appear Minna Gombell, Preston Foster, Richard Cromwell and Herbert Mundin

Only Yesterday

● Some mighty excellent pictures are being produced this season but none is more worthy to lead off this analysis of current entertainment than *Only Yesterday*, a splendid achievement by Universal which launches a sensational new star—Margaret Sullavan. If you want to be in things by all means see this, for everybody will be talking about it.

John Boles, a millionaire whose wealth has been wiped out by the market crash, is about to commit suicide when he receives a letter from Margaret Sullavan, an old sweetheart who bore him a child. The story of their love and romance is then told in flashback. Margaret Sullavan scores a distinct triumph and by this single picture must be considered as one of the leading screen stars of the day. Billie Burke, Reginald Denny, Jimmy Butler and Benita Hume are other players in this great love story.

Counsellor-at-Law

● Another great Universal picture which should be included in your must-see list is *Counsellor-at-Law*, starring John Barrymore and Bebe Daniels. Barrymore delivers one of the finest and most convincing rôles of his entire career. He plays a lawyer who fought his way to fame from the Ghetto only to face disbarment when an alibi he used years before to save a boy from prison is proved false. How he escapes this peril is one of the film's many high-lights.

Bebe Daniels and Isabel Jewell are outstanding in the superb cast which also includes Doris Kenyon, Onslow Stevens, Melvyn Douglas, Thelma Todd and Mayo Methot. See it!

Cradle Song

● Here is the picture you have been waiting for—the first American film of Dorothea Wieck, the star of *Maedchen in Uniform*.

For her American screen début a most unusual story was selected but you won't be disappointed in the idealistic and spiritual *Cradle Song*. Dorothea is a nun in a Spanish convent who cares for a baby girl left on the doorstep of the convent. The film watches the growth of the child through life and the development of the young woman's love for a young

engineer whom she eventually marries. And, of course, it forcibly includes Dorothea's part in directing her destiny.

Evelyn Venable, Sir Guy Standing, Louise Dresser and Kent Taylor are among the supporting players who creditably account for themselves.

Lady Killer

● Of course it's a Jimmy Cagney picture with a title like that—and does he slay the ladies!

Jimmy becomes the boss of a gang of crooks on Broadway and after the mob becomes involved in a murder he flees to Hollywood where he becomes a movie star.

Jimmy is dependable as usual and the picture is an enjoyable mixture of comedy and melodrama. Does he slap any gals? You should see him pull Mae Clarke across a room by her hair and throw her out! Mae, Margaret Lindsey, Leslie Fenton, Russell Hopton, Marjorie Gateson and our old friend, Raymond Hatton all do their part toward making the film a success.

Blood Money

● It has been about two years since George Bancroft last made a picture and it is a distinct pleasure to see him deliver a great bit of work in *Blood Money*. If a comeback was necessary he certainly makes it in this story of a bail bondsman.

As the bondsman, Bancroft orders the arrest of the brother of Judith Allen, his paramour, when he believes he has been double-crossed. His gangland enemies join together to ruin him but the girl saves him by a clever ruse.

Judith Anderson, Frances Dee, Chick Chandler and Blossom Seeley are outstanding members of the cast.

Convention City

● Get your laughing togs on when you attend the showing of this infectious new comedy starring Joan Blondell. It is supposed to be an exposé of the convention racket and you won't find a dull moment in its amusing sequences.

Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Mary Astor, Patricia Ellis, Guy Kibbee and several others of the cast contribute generously to the merriment.

Please turn to page eight

MASTER OF THE ART OF LOVE!

Ten million women
will meet face to
face the secret
lover in their hearts!
... when Europe's
greatest romantic
actor appears in
his first American
picture!

FRANCIS LEDERER

sensational star of the stage hit, "AUTUMN CROCUS", and

ELISSA LANDI

in

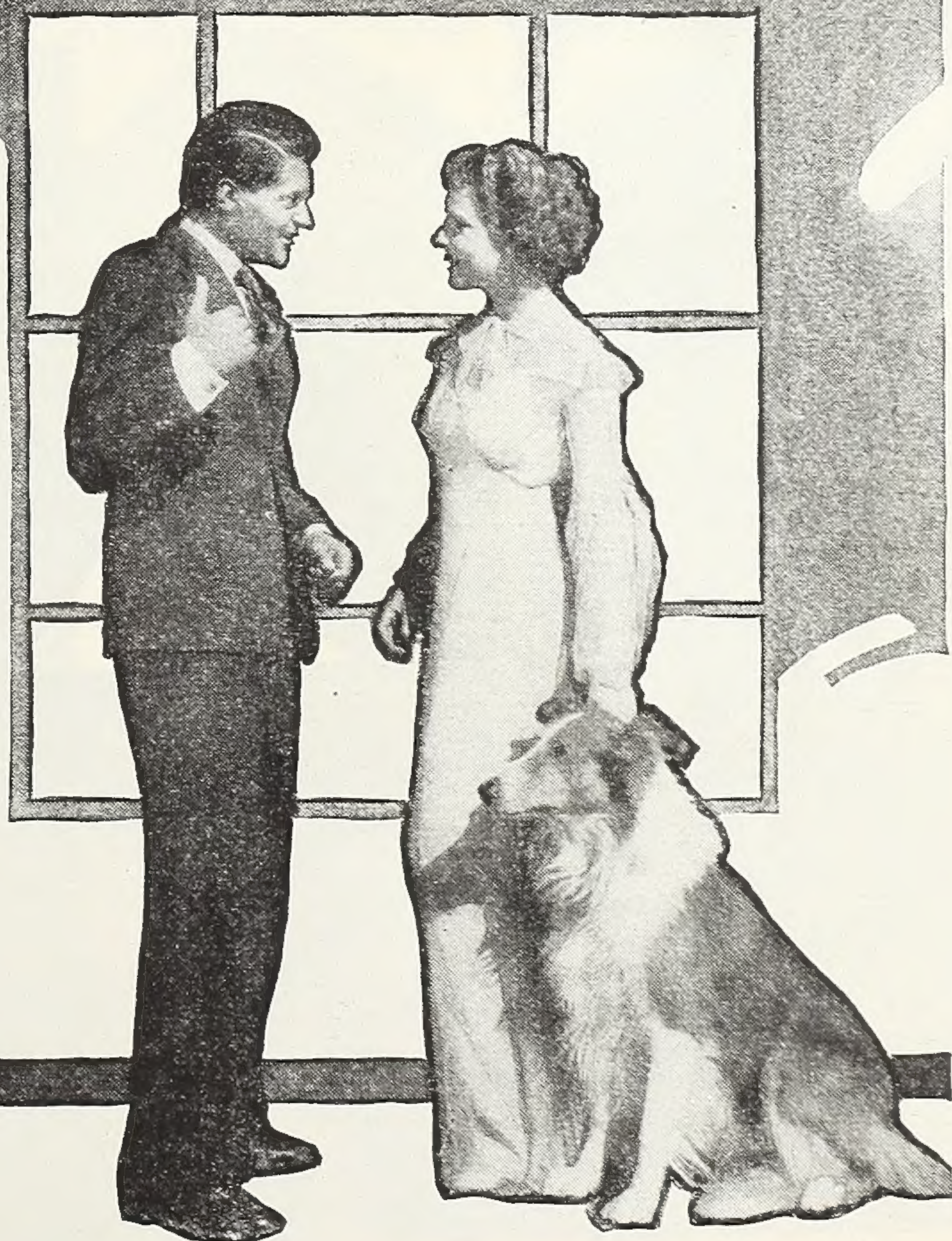
"MAN of TWO WORLDS"

with HENRY STEPHENSON—J. FARRELL MacDONALD

Directed by WALTER RUBEN

He—an untamed man of the wilds . . . She—a
siren of civilization . . . It's the thunderbolt thrill of the
year when they meet! . . . and struggle! . . . and love!

R K O
Radio
PICTURES A Pandro S. Berman Production
MERIAN C. COOPER, Exec. Prod.



WHAT'S NEW *on the* SCREEN

A PREVIEW OF THE LATEST PICTURE OFFERINGS

Continued from page six

The Right To Romance

● Here is a smoothly functioning picture characterized by excellent acting that will furnish you an enjoyable evening. In *The Right To Romance*, Ann Harding is a plastic surgeon who decides she should have love after she wins fame in her profession. She marries a younger man, Robert Young, and her life then is devoted to keeping him in hand. Fi-

nally she is called upon to restore beauty to the girl her husband really loves.

Ann, Robert Young, Nils Asther, Sari Maritza and Delmar Watson comprise the excellent cast.

Should Ladies Behave?

● If you liked Alice Brady in *When Ladies Meet*—and if you didn't you're probably the only one who didn't—you'll like *Should Ladies Behave?*

The action is laid in the home of Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore. Their daughter, Mary Carlisle, flouts a romance with a middle-aged artist and matters become quite complicated and humorous when mother believes him to be a lover from the past.

The entire cast, including the principals mentioned, Conway Tearle, William Janney and Halliwell Hobbes, lifts this splendid picture to the heights of entertainment.

Son of a Sailor

● Here's a Joe E. Brown picture which places Joe in his element and is good for a continuous round of laughter. Joe becomes involved with

the admiral's daughter and blunders into a plot in which a couple of spies are trying to steal aviation secrets.

Jean Muir, Johnny Mack Brown, Thelma Todd, Frank McHugh, Kenneth Thomson and George Blackwood complete the attractive cast.

Little Women

● Katharine Hepburn is superb in her interpretation of Jo in the screen version of Louisa M. Alcott's immortal story, *Little Women*. The story is too well-known to repeat here; suffice it to say this is one of the most human and outstanding contributions to the screen it has been our fortune to witness.

Joan Bennett as Amy, Frances Dee as Meg, Jean Parker as Laurie and Paul Lukas as the professor are all at their best. Edna May Oliver, Douglas Montgomery and several others also shine in the cast.

King For a Night

● Chester Morris at last comes into his own in *King for a Night* which is without doubt his best performance since *Alibi*. The son of a minister, Chester becomes a professional pugilist and takes the blame for a murder committed by his sister, Helen Twelvetrees. There is a powerful climax.

Helen Twelvetrees, Alice White, John Miljan, Grant Mitchell and Frank Albertson are convincing in their supporting rôles. Don't miss it.

—Carl Devoy

Toshia Mori, a Wampas baby star of the past year, has a featured rôle in Fury of the Jungle. She was born in Japan but has lived most of her nineteen years in Los Angeles

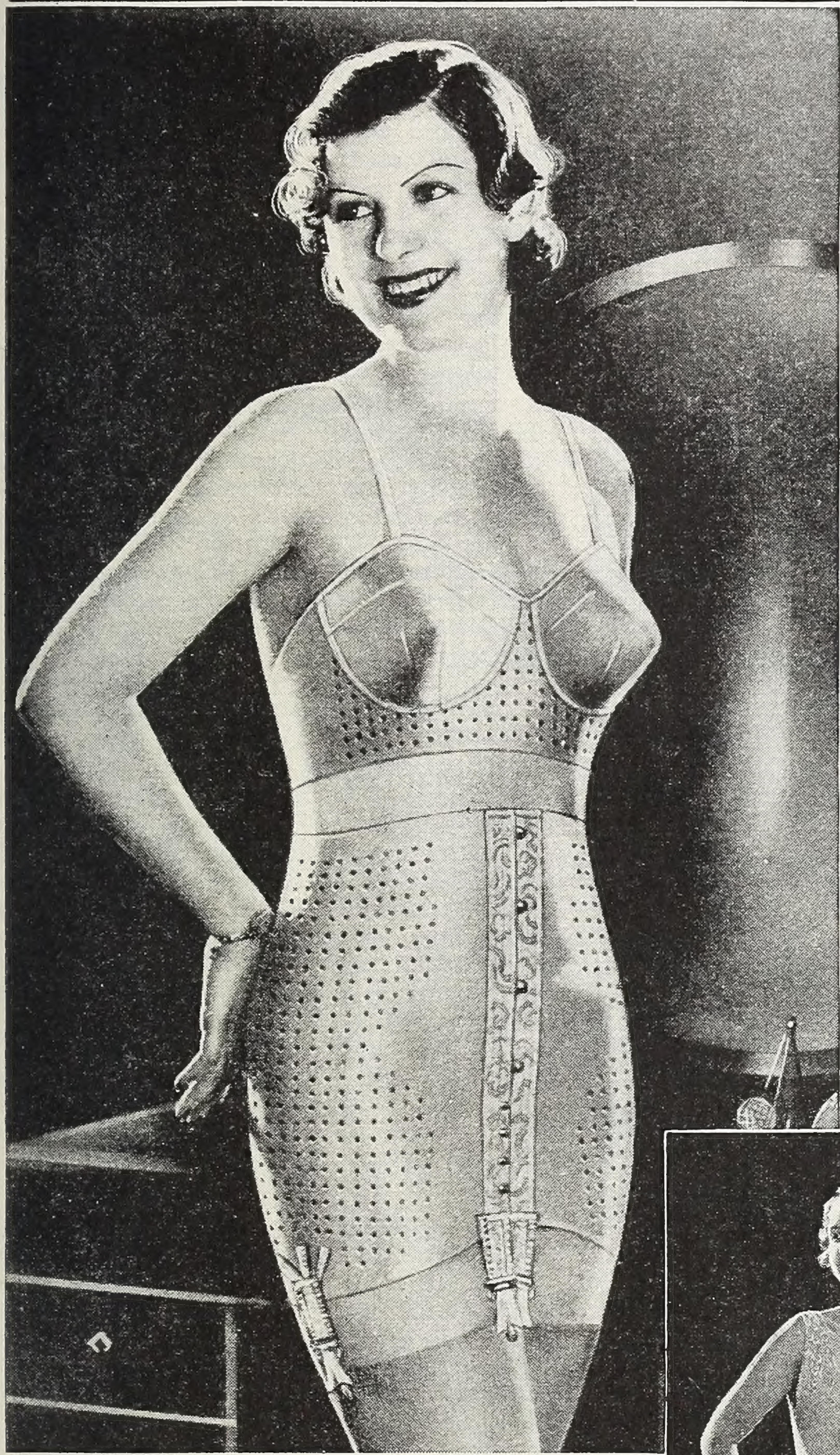


Reduce...

YOUR

WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN

10 DAYS

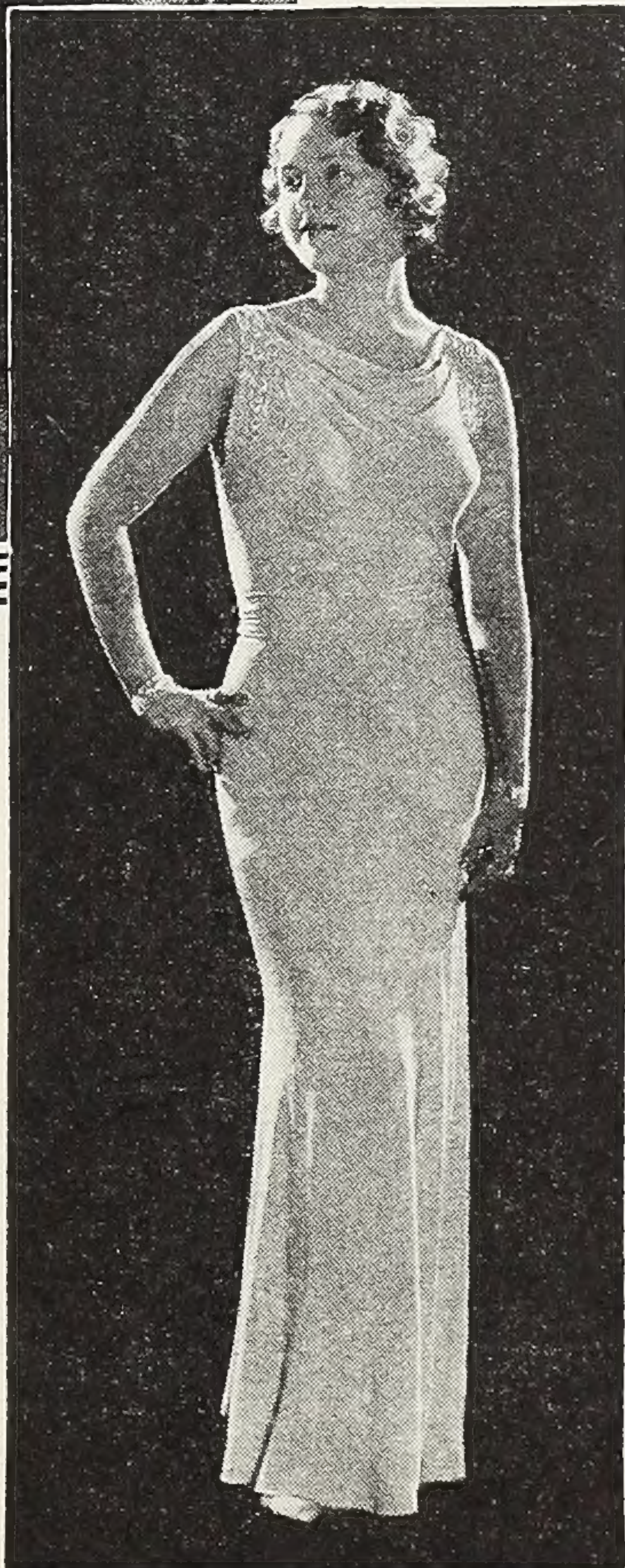


■ This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau.

"I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"

... writes Miss Jean Healy

■ "It massages like magic", writes Miss Carroll.... "The fat seems to have melted away", writes Mrs. McSorley.... "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian... "Reduced almost 20 pounds", writes Mrs. Noble... "Without your girdle I am lost", writes Mrs. Browne.



with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

... or it won't cost you a cent!

W

E WANT YOU TO TRY the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY AND SAFELY!

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

VENTILATED TO ALLOW THE SKIN TO BREATHE!

■ And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

**TEST THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
... AT OUR EXPENSE!**

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results. Don't wait any longer... act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 72 NEW YORK, N. Y.

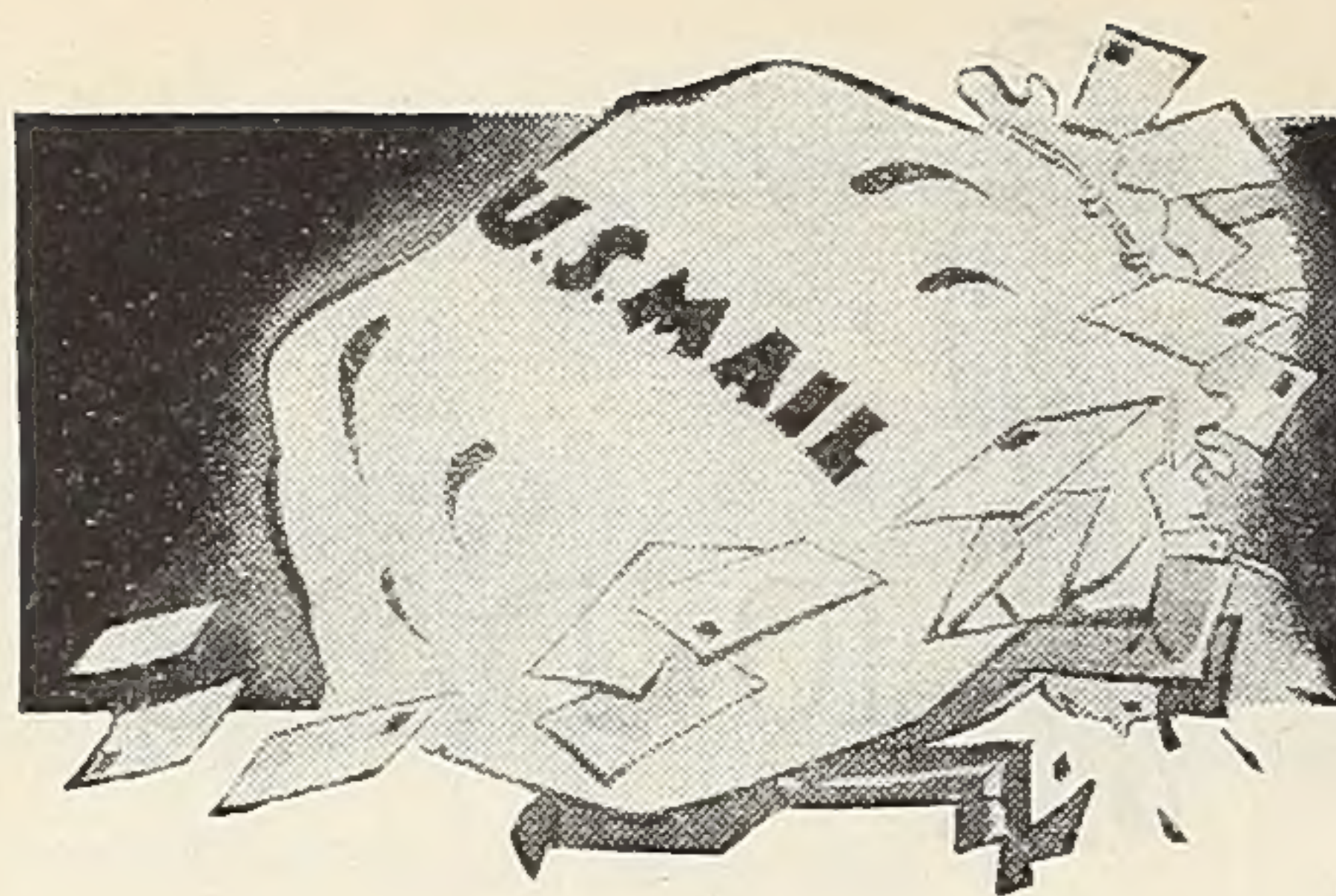
Without obligation on my part, send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



THE EDITOR'S MAILBAG

An open forum in which readers express their views on stars and pictures.
\$5.00 is paid to each of the five best letters received each month



Mae enchants young and old

Good Medicine

WHAT'S THIS I HEAR about Mae West being "bad medicine" for our young girls? Who got the idea and from what source? Mae West simply has the ability to reveal all her beauty of character, her sweetness and womanliness in such an enchanting manner that men, young and old, go down on their knees. I'm for her. There is nothing about her wonderful performance to arouse antagonism.

(\$5.00 Letter)

M. WATKINS,
Elmore, Alabama.

Here's an Idea

"MANY picture fans disagree on the pronunciation of the names of certain stars as well as the titles of pictures. Fans would be agreeably surprised if, as the cast of characters is shown on the screen, a voice were to be recorded pronouncing each name as it appears."

(\$5.00 Letter)

REGINA PETRILL,
627 N. Locust St., Hazleton, Pa.

Garbo and Howard Teamed!

LESLIE HOWARD gave a wonderful performance in *Berkeley Square*. It is his best portrayal. Now let us see soon the peerless Garbo and Leslie Howard teamed in a picture. It would be a sensation!

(\$5.00 Letter)

VIOLA MAGNUSSON,
454 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Let's Save Clark!

WHY will movie producers insist on re-making Clark Gable into a sweet, gentle lover? Every time I see one of his pictures I grow more disappointed. The women fell in love with him because he was a big, capable, protecting he-man. The men fell for him because

he was a man's man. Then why make the screen's most perfect he-man into a sissy? Let's keep him a caveman!
(\$5.00 Letter)

MARY K. JONES,
708 St. Claire Ave.,
Grosse Pointe, Mich.



Minna delivers the goods

They Should

MINNA GOMBELL deserves the highest compliments for her work on the screen. No matter what kind of a part she has she certainly delivers the goods. Here's one superlative actress the producers certainly are neglecting. Won't you speak to them about giving her bigger and better rôles?

MARY BUTLER,
Seattle, Washington.

An Orchid to Margaret

I WOULD LIKE VERY much to present an orchid to Miss Margaret Sullavan for her grand performance in *Only Yesterday*, one of the finest pictures I have ever seen.

CLYDE LADD,
2016 N. Beechwood Dr., Hollywood, Cal.

Real Entertainment

I SAW Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery in *Another Language*, a wonderfully acted bit of family life. Helen Hayes' excellent performance made one realize that young wives are intelligent and ambitious, doing everything in their power to make their home a success. Real stories like this are appreciated, for they bring forth problems which confront us in our daily lives and help us to solve them.

(\$5.00 Letter)

G. ANDERSEN,
3516 N. 23rd St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Another Swell Star

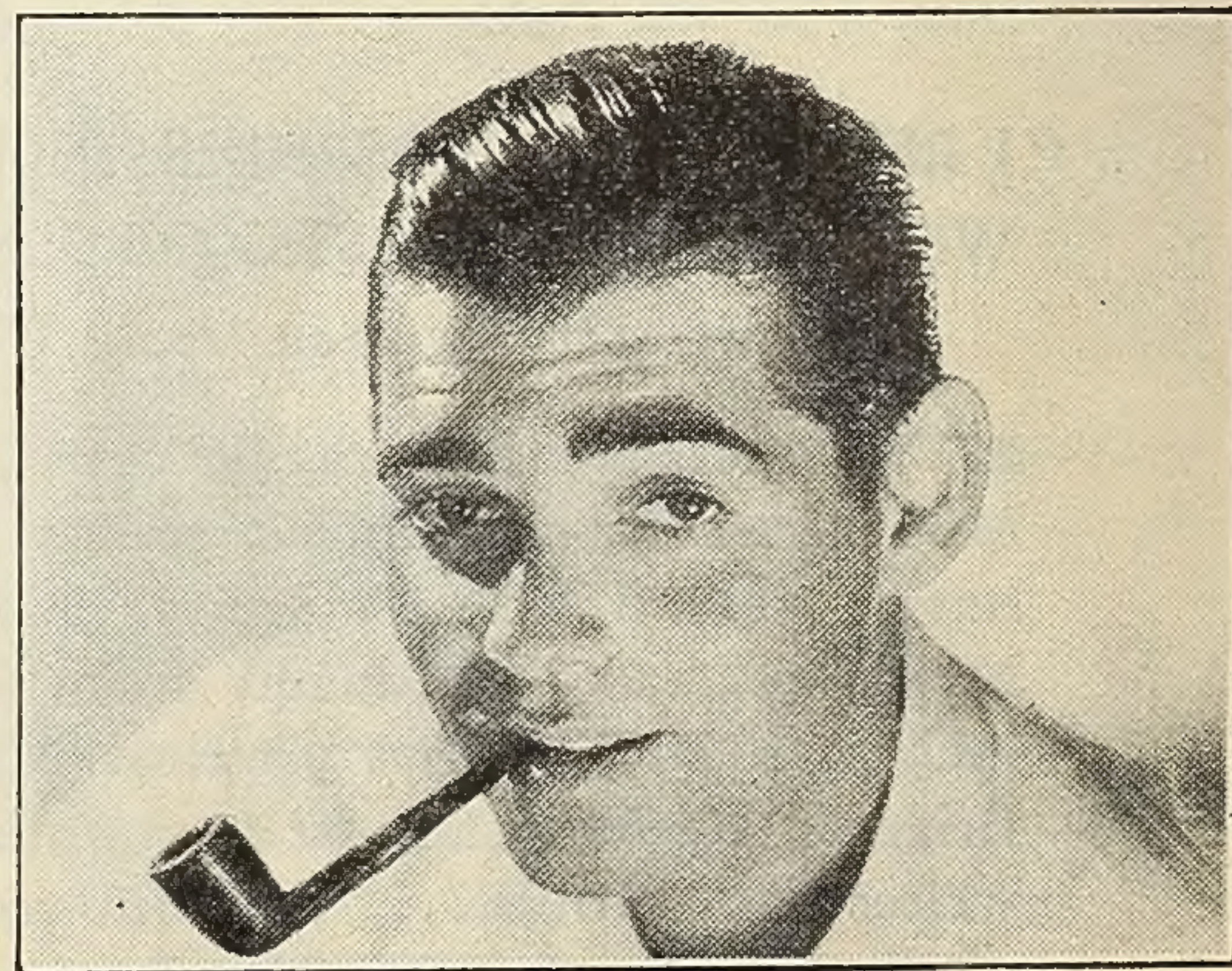
ALICE BRADY is a real actress. Anyone who can turn from the bleak and dismal *Mourning Becomes Electra* to the giddy widow as played in *When Ladies Meet* has to be. After *When Ladies Meet* she played a dramatic part in *Broadway to Hollywood*. Now in *Stage Mother* she does a little bit of everything. So what? Well, we've got another swell star.

STEWART JOHNSON,
Palmyra, Missouri.

Laughter and Tears

MR. PRODUCER, why must you give us close-ups of our stars weeping? Such scenes often look silly and sound worse. Why not let 'em do their sob stuff at long distance? Please remember we American's have lots of imagination, and instead of sobbing at sobby scenes we often laugh.

MARILEE BRUCE,
439 E. Mable St., Tucson, Arizona.



Keep Clark a caveman!

HOLLYWOOD

Child Stars

WHY doesn't the fan world consider the splendid acting of the child stars of Hollywood as well as the adult stars? Take Dickie Moore in *Oliver Twist* or Jackie Cooper in *The Bowery* and *The Champ*. These pictures wouldn't have been the hits they were had it not been for the acting ability of the two Jackies. I only wish that they will continue to do their work for many years and that we have many more child stars in the future.

LEONA J. BROWN,
7006 S. Throop St., Chicago, Ill.

Lillian's Return

AS A CHILD, I worshipped Lillian Gish. Now that she has returned to the screen I am anxious to see if she lives up to that childhood adoration. Alice Brady was another favorite of mine and I have truly enjoyed her recent pictures. So let's have some more of these old favorites. How about it?

NORMA PRESLEY,
222 Fifth Street, San Antonio, Texas.

Pick 'Em Big

WHY will Hollywood make so many lovers big, burly he-men who think giving a woman rough, resounding smacks holds 'em for life? If heroes can't refrain from socking the desire of their heart occasionally, won't you let 'em sock some husky female? Not some hungry looking, will-o-the-wisp female who looks as though she never had a square meal in her life.

MRS. REX STEWART,
1640 38th St., Tucson, Arizona.

Writers' Importance

"I THINK WE SHOULD magnify the importance of the writers responsible for the better movies. Why not help us become more familiar with the writers who are responsible for screen successes? We would have an accurate way of measuring the value of coming productions."

OLIVE MERRILL,
1316 4th St. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Jean's Rôles

RECENTLY I viewed *Blonde Bombshell*. The picture was splendid but the best impression I received was the reformation of Jean Harlow. In *Blonde Bombshell* she displayed real histrionic ability and gave the public some real, intelligent acting. Since Miss Harlow has proved she can handle any part with finesse, here's hoping the producers wake up and assign her to more intelligent rôles.

W. J. MATHEWS,
5112 N. Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill.

Eloquence for Katharine

I HAVE JUST SEEN *Morning Glory*, and although I am not given to bursts of enthusiasm, I must confess that Katharine Hepburn's enigmatic beauty and the magnificent ease of her performance moved me to flights of eloquence. By her incomparable charm she raises a rather trite story to the heights of superb dramatic achievement. Her re-

Please turn to page fifty-seven



SKINNY PEOPLE GAIN 5 to 15 lbs.—QUICK!

Astonishing gains in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported ale yeast concentrated 7 times and iron added

WHY let people call you "skinny" and neglect you when this new easy way is giving thousands firm flesh, attractive curves in a few weeks!

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of solid flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear skin, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then scientifically ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add new energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly hollows fill out, flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Your skin clears, new health comes—you're an entirely new person!

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, money back instantly.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 282, Atlanta, Ga.



The PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Variety in Entertainment

IT IS DIFFICULT TO PLEASE everybody all of the time but the studios are doing a mighty good job trying to achieve that very goal.

To the moaners who think only sin and sex rule the screen we recommend Paramount's *Cradle Song*, starring Dorothea Wieck, and RKO-Radio's *Little Women*, starring Katharine Hepburn. Their themes are far removed from the criticized sex and gangster films and will leave fans with memories of sweetness and idealism that should not soon forsake them.

We do not urge a cycle of films to follow their pattern because all types of pictures are necessary to a well-balanced entertainment season—a steady diet of bonbons soon would cloy the appetite. These studios, however, deserve orchids for supplying refreshing variety in these films.

Chico Marx became somewhat involved but he certainly rang the bell with his description of a certain type of personality when he said: "He's the kind of a guy who would cut your throat behind your back and pat your back to your face."

Experiments

WHEN YOU HEAR THAT *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, after an expenditure of about \$1,000,000, probably never will reach the screen, don't exclaim in horror over what appears to be another unwarranted movie extravagance.

Fredric March, Gary Cooper, Cary Grant and Jack Oakie were to be in the leading rôles when the book was purchased for picturization five years ago. A camera unit spent eight months in India obtaining atmospheric shots and the story was rewritten innumerable times. Now it has been decided that this officer's description of army life in India never can be adapted for filming.

The studio was striving for something new and therefore should be commended for its experiment. No progress has been made in any line of endeavor without experiments—and often costly mistakes.

Al Has a Place

AL JOLSON is before the cameras again for the first time in nearly four years as filming goes on of *Wunderbar*, the famous German musical comedy. Al had planned to retire from the screen and take his wife, Ruby Keeler, with him but he has been induced to sign a new contract with Warner Brothers.

There is a definite place in the cinema world for Al—so long as he confines himself to the type of singing that made him famous and does not try to act. Al is not an actor and he knows it now.

None, however, can put over a song "with a sob in his voice" quite like Al, although his imitators through the years have been legion. If he sticks to his singing, his blackface and his clowning, he need not soon think of retiring.

Movies certainly never will go silent again although there is a definite trend toward less dialogue on the screen. A new RKO-Radio picture, as yet untitled but written by Lulu Vollmer, will contain less than 2,000 words of dialogue as compared with the 10,000 words of the average feature length talkie.

Fighting Fair

JOAN BLONDELL recently sued to break her contract with her agent on the grounds that he had attempted to induce her to force the studio to increase her salary by walking out and through other methods in direct violation of business and ethical principles. Which is something new. Disgruntled stars usually walk out and discuss matters later—like the plug ugly who says, "Hit 'em first and argue later."

Joan, through loyalty to her husband, Cameraman George Barnes, wanted to discard her own name and become Joan Barnes on the screen. The studio couldn't see it, naturally, because of the time and money it had spent in building up the name "Joan Blondell."

Joan has been persistent in her efforts to force the name change, but she has fought fairly.



—Robert Coburn
Dolores Del Rio, relaxing in her Santa Monica home after her triumph in Flying Down to Rio, was snapped with "Chongo" her toy monkey

Hot 'n' Cold



I Am Suzanne!

● Even a snowman warms up to the infectious charm of Lilian Harvey! The scene is part of the St. Moritz sequence in the spectacular "I Am Suzanne" which will set a new high in film musical productions. In it, according to advance information, Lilian will exceed the charm and appeal of her splendid rôle in "My Weakness"



Why George Never

A famous screen lover reveals his fascinating views on love and marriage

"ME MARRY? Never!" proclaimed George Raft. Isn't that always the way, though? The good ones are so hard to catch.

"Why should I tie myself down?" he amplified argumentatively. "As it is now, I can go where I please when I want to and no one will land on me."

"Oh, come," I wheedled, "you don't really think women are as bad as that, do you?"

George scowled in a way that didn't scare me a bit.

"Well, no," he growled. "I suppose there are some who look nice enough—and probably about one out of four is as sincere as she seems to be nice."

I was not impressed. George Raft climbed a mighty tough road from the dingy sidewalks of New York to the pinnacle his genius merits. But even hard roads have good women plodding them. It seemed impossible that a man whose keenness of perception enables him to see and breathe warmth into the most unsympathetic rôle, could be blind to that.

● George suddenly grinned rather sheepishly.

"Thunder! What's the use of pretending. The truth is, there are a darn lot of nice women. Maybe that's the trouble. I can't narrow it to one—and maybe she would turn me down."

I had my own opinion on that. Even a blind girl could sense something fine beneath the worldliness of this man. Some innate sensitiveness that had been enriched rather than coarsened by contact with the strange and sordid ways of men.

Aloud, just to see him squirm, I said, "Well maybe she would at that. You're rather nice but you are so positive." I held my breath at my daring, but imagine my surprise when he did not even argue. In fact, he spoke as gently as I ever heard him on the screen—gently but with a decided, "this settles that" tone.

"Maybe I am positive," he said. "I don't mean it that way. I've just made up my mind, that's all. I haven't a thing against women. I have been mighty fond of some. I was not thinking of their faults—merely my own desires." He paused, "I don't like restraint, I guess."

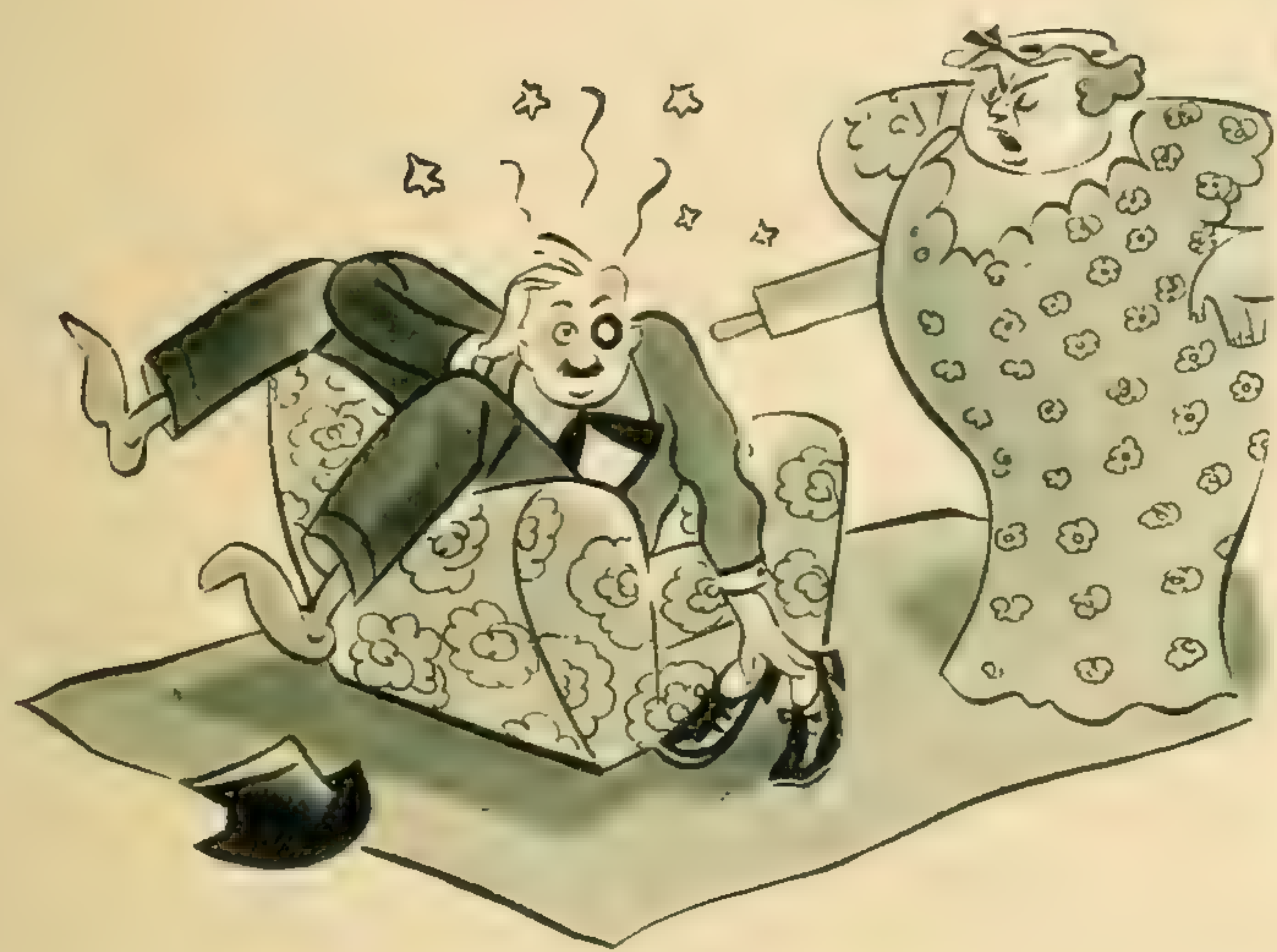
Did he think I had not guessed already as millions of others of my sex have? Those hauntingly, heavy laden

—Otto Dyar
"I'm not a woman hater," says George Raft. "There is a world of difference, though, between an occasional charming companion and a charming companion occasionally"

"Me marry? Never!"
women. I have

Raft Will Marry!

by MARY NYE



*Can George Raft, who is seen here in a romantic scene with Constance Cummings for *Night After Night*, escape love indefinitely? Can he keep his heart closed to true and lasting love—love such as his intense Latin nature is capable of giving and assimilating?*

eyes. Have they ever belonged to the kind who stand without hitching? Not to my knowledge. They see things farther away than their owner's hands can ever reach or his wandering feet bear him. Not in geographical miles but more impossible ones to cover. We sense, yet never quite understand, the hunger glowing in their depths. Yet any woman knows intuitively that love can light a deathless flame to dull the smouldering one beneath.

● In a moment of silence which fell between us I wondered for a moment if I had been mistaken. A strange thing happened.

George Raft had spoken without a trace of regret or sorrow. As far as I had been aware he had announced his voluntary choice of wifeless doom with about the same degree of courteous finality that the tired business man shows when telling the insurance salesman he is not in the market today. Yet when I glanced up I saw Mr. Raft—portrayer of hard and he-man rôles—sitting beside me with tears in his eyes. Startled, I stared. Two great tears were coursing down his cheeks.

I sat befuddled, then cried out impulsively. "What have I said? Oh, I am so terribly sorry!"

George came back with a start from some solitary wan-

dering. For the space of a briefest breath he hesitated, then holding me with earnest eyes he spoke.

"You didn't do anything wrong," he smiled apologetically. "My own words reminded me of something—just like everything else has reminded me all day long.

"Do you know who died today?" he asked in a throbbing voice. "A great woman whom the world didn't truly appreciate. You know I ran away from home when I was fourteen. Just restlessness, I guess. Did all sorts of things. I was a delivery boy, an electrician's helper, drove a taxi, fought in the ring a bit—just sort of drifted around.

"That woman took me into her night club, gave me a chance to learn to dance. Above all, she fired me with the ambition to make something of myself." George Raft's voice broke. "When Texas Guinan died today I lost someone who was almost as dear to me as my own mother."

Gentle and loyal love! Hardly consistent with the sophisticated worldling of the screen, or is it? Who can watch George Raft portray even his more unsympathetic rôles without realizing that here is not a mere actor, mouthing a part, but a warm and responsive soul releasing its own pent-up impressions or interpreting the emotions of another whose experiences had ground deeply into him.

Please turn to page fifty-four

declares George Raft. "I haven't a thing against been mighty fond of some but"

YOUTH

ROMANCE

Jesse L.
LASKY'S

I am Suzanne!

MELODY



Lilian HARVEY • GENE RAYMOND

LESLIE BANKS

PODRECCA'S PICCOLI MARIONETTES
Directed by Rowland V. Lee

Romance—tender, heart-warming as "Seventh Heaven"! Your heart follows the lovers down the shining path of their romance... While your eyes light up at the grace of beautiful girls, gorgeous dancers, human marionettes... and your ears tingle to the lilt of tuneful melodies... Truly great entertainment—a love story that lives and throbs against the world's strangest background.



The TALK of the TOWN

Gorgeous portraits of Hol-
lywood's favorite raves



—Jack Freulich

MARGARET SULLAVAN

● Margaret's spelling of her surname is not affectation—it is the result of early ancestors changing their religious beliefs. She is as natural and unaffected as the great rôle she has given us in *Only Yesterday*, a picture that is proving a sensation. Universal saw her on Broadway and now through only one picture she has become the most discussed star in Hollywood

FRANCIS LEDERER

● Another sensation whose *Man of Two Worlds* undoubtedly will make cinema history. A reigning favorite of the foreign stage, Francis Lederer will repeat in this country



—Clarence Sinclair Bull

RAMON NOVARRO and JEANETTE MacDONALD

● Romance? Love? Wait until you see Ramón and Jeanette go into action in *The Cat and the Fiddle*, the picturization of the popular musical play!



HEATHER ANGEL

● Keep your eyes on this winsome Miss! In support of Leslie Howard in *Berkeley Square* she displays her great histrionic genius. Another of her new films is *Seven Lives Were Changed*



—Eugene Robert Richee

JACK OAKIE, GINGER ROGERS and JACK HALEY

● Of course Ginger is *Sitting Pretty* as Jack Oakie and Jack Haley make love to her in the new film musical comedy of that title. Jack Haley is the handsome young comedian who has won such favor on the New York stage



—Freulich

MINNA GOMBELL

● Always dependable in whatever assignment given to her, Minna Gombell consistently delivers her best to the screen. She adds to the appeal of *Hoopla* and is to be seen soon in Universal's *Cross Country Cruise*



—Elmer Fryer

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

● Leave it to Dick to appear in the unusual! This favorite who loses none of his popularity through the years has selected *Massacre*, a glamorous and absorbing story of Indian life as his next Warner Bros.-First National Picture. It is a rôle to which he is singularly suited



—Jack Freulich

ELISSA LANDI

● In real life the daughter of a countess, Elissa Landi portrays a maid who masquerades as her countess mistress in *By Candlelight*, the sophisticated Continental comedy which she has just completed for Universal. In it she is more charming than ever

Gary Falls in Love!

The inside story of Gary Cooper's first true romance—with the girl to whom he may now be married!

by RUTH BIERY

A LOVE STORY so sweet, so old-fashioned, so different from the modern, hectic we-meet-today-and-a-re-married-tomorrow romances that it is difficult to believe that it has actually happened in Hollywood!

I am speaking of Sandra Shaw and Gary Cooper, who have set a tentative date for their wedding early in January with plans to spend a honeymoon in Arizona during January. I say tentative because Sandra's mother may persuade the young people to complete a year's formal engagement upon the theory that love that withstands the trials of a long engagement will be unshaken by the ups and downs of a long marriage. But I believe that young love will win! Sandra and Gary are the guests of Sandra's parents, in New York, as this is written. Young love is persuasive and I am wagering that it will overcome all arguments and that when they return to Hollywood early in February so Gary may resume his picture making, they will come as Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper.

● But to understand even the date for this ceremony, one must understand the romance from its very beginning.

"I did not believe that such a thing could ever happen to me." There was a new humbleness in Gary's voice as he said it. "I had dreamed as all men dream. I had imagined this kind of love in the saddle, while riding across the plains of Montana. I had hoped—But I had decided that it could not be—"

I knew this to be true. Just six months ago, Gary had told me, "I will never marry. Women are an old story. They are all alike—"

I had felt a bit sorry when he said it. I had known Gary since his first days in this weird capital of entertainment. He had been so bashful and humble and obviously filled with impulsive, yearning, youthful illusions. And now at thirty-two, he was announcing the death and burial of those illusions. He was acknowledging the supremacy of sophisticated cynicism. He was basing his opinion of love and marriage upon disappointments and heartaches he had suffered from loving the colorful, dynamic, self-supporting actresses of Hollywood and the super-sophisticated socialites of Europe—

And then, he met Sandra. At an Easter-time yachting party given by Director Howard Hawks. He thought that she was just another young girl attempting to get a "break" in pictures; just another ambitious actress to be flirted with and flattered and perhaps made-love to. I have often wondered what Gary must have thought the

Please turn to page fifty-six

FEBRUARY, 1934



—International News

Sandra Shaw and Gary Cooper did not experience love at first sight but Gary says "I had imagined this kind of love while riding across the plains of Montana. I had hoped—but had decided it could not be"



SHE DARES TO BE DIFFERENT!

Katharine Hepburn not only dares but seeks new ways to lift herself out of the ordinary—don't miss her in "Little Women"

by MARCELLA BURKE

IT IS HISTORY IN HOLLYWOOD, all the tall tales that Katharine Hepburn thinks up one day and denies the next. She came out to Hollywood and decided the pastures were green and nice. She took stock of herself altogether, and then said,

"They want people to be *different*. I'll show them somebody who can be different. I'll be myself, and two or three other people, too."

Right away, she commenced pulling rabbits out of her hat. The first one, of course, was a rabbit dressed up in overalls, with an expensive tailor-made patch.

Let it be said right here and now, Hollywood chuckled over that rabbit. Took it home to the folks, and they chuckled over it, too. Imagine a screen siren in shabby overalls!

● It has been told, how Kate reads her fan mail in the middle of the road and how she converses with her pet monkey. But nobody ever can be entirely sure about who she is, or whether or not she has children. For a while, she said she had two children. Her husband, the charming, absent Ludlow Smith, agreed with her. Now she denies it up and down. Just who is what or where now is a question.

"Of course," she said, "you can publish the fact that I have children. I have two of them. Just as cute as they can be. Of course, they're both jet black . . . you'll have to print that too." With which weird remark, she calmly walked away. Of course, a sense of humor is a grand thing, but what will she do if somebody begins being literal-minded, and believes that? Fie!

Until the California weather went mad in a two weeks

downpour, Katharine was to be seen daily floating about in a smock under which she wore nothing whatever but the sheerest of the sheer short panties. About the time we all decided that she was as natural as the day is long, it suddenly came out that her very visible freckles were that way because she darkened them with an eyebrow pencil. She has leaned so far over backward to be "natural" that she appears to be walking backward on her head most of the time. It is all very confusing.

She suddenly produced a prowess at golf, which no one ever suspected. She upped and challenged Irene Dunne, who is an expert player, to a game and is willing to play anybody.

People may eventually get all mixed up with this Hepburn girl. They may even forget, in the welter of marriages, no marriages, babies and no babies, monkeys, truth, whoppers and general fantasy, that this cyclonic bit of femininity can act.

But I doubt it. She admits openly that she is a terrible liar. She is a shameless exhibitionist. But, what is more important than all else, she is a great actress.

● Whatever else is or is not so about this astounding person—she has courage and strength. Early in her screen career she climbed out of her hospital bed and went to the studio against her physician's advice, and took him with her. And there she worked hard all day long in stretches of ten minutes at a time, with rest intervals of a half hour each between shots. All the sets she had to work on were pre-heated to a certain temperature. There are few people with influenza who can do that!

Please turn to page sixty-five

Art is the Bunk!

Rochelle Hudson, headed for stardom at seventeen, has her own ideas about fame and glory!

by
BEN MADDOX



Rochelle Hudson had a long-term movie contract at thirteen

NO MATTER How much success lies ahead for Rochelle Hudson, she's quite made up her mind that she won't get hot 'n' bothered about it!

Seventeen and turned sensational in both looks and ideas, she is pleased, naturally, to find herself awarded a Fox contract and to be told that next she's to be the love interest in Warner Baxter's *Odd Thursday*. But as for Hollywood fame—?

"It's a little late to become excited over my career," she declares. (And she is only seventeen!) "I'm glad to be in the money. Yet I refuse to be dazzled by the prospect of stardom. The glamour's okay so long as there's the weekly pay-check. Yearning, however, to 'die in the harness?' Oh, my—!" None o' that for this *baybee*!

Rochelle, who affects a snappy Clarabowish attitude when her dignified mother isn't on guard, shrugged a provocative shoulder, rolled her alluring blue-grey eyes, and grimaced cutely with her generously rouged lips. She comes from a good family and she's a nice gal, but—lordy!—how she fears being thought gaga!

"Art," she opined laconically a la Mae West, "is the bunk!" Nevertheless, she's been taking lessons to improve her native talents ever since she can remember.

"My mother," she explains, "is one of those persons who believe you should develop whatever ability you have. Now me, I'm lazy. I have to be pushed. If mother didn't keep on my trail, I wouldn't be here! I feel so sorry," she added, "for grown-ups who have to learn voice, and dancing, and all those things. I'm thankful I had it all pounded into me while I was too young to suffer!"

● Clad in a smart woolen suit of a vivid green hue and topped by a saucy black satin chapeau, she sat opposite me in the Fox restaurant. Rochelle is no longer the demure miss who was under contract to Radio. She languished in the background there and she's tired of being neglected. So she's acquired a pseudo-sophistication (of the Bow type) that, she hopes, will cause her to appear older and, therefore, eligible for more forceful parts.

Fox was so impressed with her work in *Doctor Bull* that they put her under long-term contract. The studio is highly enthused and predicts much for Rochelle.

But here's a laugh!

In the biography Fox has prepared on her, they state that she came to Hollywood in 1930 to crash "pitchers," direct from Claremore, Oklahoma, the old home town of Will Rogers.

"You can see why I take this business with a grain of salt," she said to me as she related the true story of her career to date. "What I'm revealing here will be news to the boys at Fox!"

"Actually, I began on this very lot the first part of 1930. I was signed to a long-term contract by Fox," Rochelle divulged, "when I was thirteen!"

● "But we'd better go further back than that to straighten out the Hudson history. I was born in Claremore, yes. But I didn't grow up there for, when I was a baby, my parents moved to Oklahoma City. There has been considerable publicity about my being a protégée of Will Rogers, since I was born in Claremore.

"To be accurate, he's been kind to me, but not extraordinarily so. I've only seen him on the sets and I've never met any of his family. Mother had known him years ago, but I never met him until I was cast in *Doctor Bull*."

Rochelle's father, who is running a big wheat ranch in Kansas at present, was head of the Federal Employment Bureau in Oklahoma City for years. She was an only child and her mother, who had dreamed of acting, saw that she studied dancing, the piano, painting, and the allied arts. She attended a private school.

"When I was eleven my father had a nervous breakdown
Please turn to page forty-nine



—Shalitt
Reri, famous Follies dancer and star of Tabu, spurned the glamour of fame to return to her native Tahiti to live



—Cooley
Whenever the screen goes white as the film breaks, the audience stands up and goes into a dance. The above scene, filmed during a ceremonial, shows the native love of the dance

TAKE A LOAF of bread six inches less than a yard long, a slice of watermelon spotted with hundreds of black seeds, a green cocoanut, three or four oranges and a sack of peanuts, and you have, not the ingredients of some weird salad, but the gustatory accessories for attending the movies in the romantic South Sea island of Tahiti.

Add a guitar or two and an empty five-gallon kerosene can and you have the orchestral accompaniment for enjoying the talkies in this languorous isle—a gold-green land rising fresh from a turquoise sea, which for ages has been the goal of romancers and adventurers the world over. The sheer tropical beauty of Tahiti, with its rhythm of romance droned end-

lessly by the creaming breakers on the reef, has made the island itself the setting for scores of movies in the past. And Tahiti enjoys its present-day talkie theatre the more because of the famous movie ghosts which stalk through its cocoanut and bread-fruit groves.

Douglas Fairbanks is remembered in the island as if it were only yesterday that he produced *Robinson Crusoe Jr.* there. Hundreds of natives who played in that film still talk of it. Director W. S. Van Dyke and the company of *White Shadows in the South Seas* remain a high spot in island memories. There dwells Reri, the heroine of F. W. Murnau's classic

Tabu, who returned to her native isle of love and laughter after tasting the fame of Ziegfeld Follies footlights.

● The ghosts which cling about the legendary figure of the great Murnau are not happy ones. "Tup-apahous," the natives called them—wraiths of evil capable of carrying their anger across thousands of miles of trackless sea. If you laugh at them as superstition, as Murnau laughed, the natives will tell you in hushed voices what happened to him—but of this, more later.

Tahiti is perhaps the one place remaining in all the world where the movie audience is likely to be more

Movies in TAHITI

by DONALD G. COOLEY

World Traveler and Executive Editor
of RADIOLAND Magazine



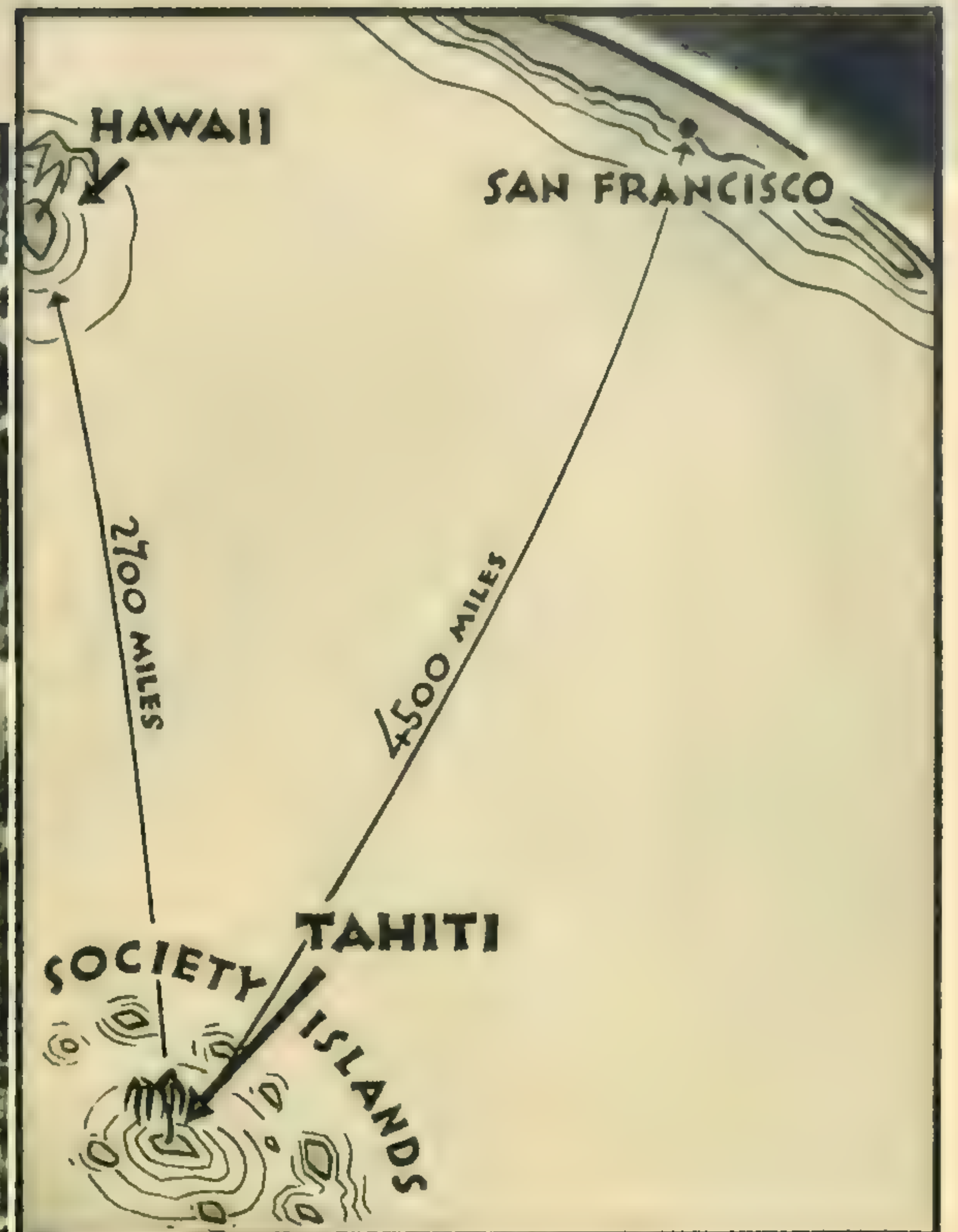
—Cooley

A poster advertising a thrilling western is irresistible to the natives and will result in a packed theatre

interesting than the picture. Suppose you take your three francs and come along with me to attend a rip-roaring Western in the theatre at Papeete, the island's principal town. We know it will be a humdinger of a show because, along the waterfront, we have seen a poster depicting an amazing scene in a range-land cattle town.

A man on horseback, in front of a saloon, is training his rifle at an airplane flying overhead. Standing nonchalantly on the fuselage of the speeding plane, his tail fluttering contemptuously in the breeze, is a cowboy. Sitting on his back is a cowboy, waving his Stetson and dropping sneers on his enemy below. Well, you can't wave a poster like that in Papeete without getting results. The town just *knows* something is bound to happen with a set-up like that.

● So, in common with the rest of Papeete, we trek off to the theatre, which looks like a Middle-Western barn. A score of pushcarts with their



Tahiti, 4,500 miles from San Francisco, is one of the better known South Sea Islands. Papeete is its principal city

Chinese proprietors block the road before the entrance, selling a varied assortment of fruits and food as mentioned above. For a franc we can get a green cocoanut to carry into the show, from which we can swig cool, sweet water as the spirit moves us.

We pay our admission, walk in, and find a seat on the benches. We discover that we've been walking on the bare feet of some of our fellow spectators. But they are entirely amiable about it. It involves less effort on their part to let you walk on their dogs than to move them out of the way. On second thought, we decide that "dogs" is a slang expression for pedal extremities not justified in this instance, unless we are thinking of Great Danes.

Mostly the audience is of native girls and their boy friends, with a sprinkling of French officials and a few sailors from the gunboat in the harbor with their town girls. Couples sit with their arms around each other. There is nothing timid or backward about Polynesian love technique. A white flower, the *tiare Tahiti*, over the left ear, indicates that its wearer

A hula dancer in Tabu, one of the many movies filmed in Tahiti. F. W. Murnau, its director, died in an automobile accident when he returned to the States but natives say evil spirits killed him

WITH THE NEWS SLEUTH

by
HAL E. WOOD



—Ernest A. Bachrach
Chick Chandler boasted his wife, Jean Frontai, had Hollywood's prettiest legs—now she has a movie contract

HOT

Foreign Affairs

MARY PICKFORD is going to England to make a picture . . . and she'll discuss marital problems with Doug Fairbanks Sr. . . . A serious attack of homesickness has sent Charlotte Susa hurrying back to Switzerland for a holiday . . . Fox is dusting off *Marie Gallant*, which will serve as a vehicle to introduce Ketty Galligan, beautiful blonde French actress, to American audiences . . . Boss Winnie Sheehan signed her after seeing her on the London stage . . . Paramount imported Jose Ortiz, Mexi-

The lowdown on current
reported in concise,

The Bachelor Famine

DAWN OF 1934 gives promise of slim pickings for Hollywood maidens who have delayed filing claims on prospective husbands.

Never before in Talkietown's annals has the roster of fancy-free bachelors contained so few *big money* names as at this moment. The twelve months just closed have witnessed the desertion of some of the most sought after altar possibilities of the last decade, including Prize Package No. 1 in the person of the rich and handsome Gary Cooper.

Announcement that Gary had placed a fifteen-carat sparkler on the shapely hand of the young and aristocratic Sandra Shaw cracked down upon a romance-loving world like a bolt from the blue. No cinematic betrothal in recent years has caused so many feminine hearts to flutter.

It was only last summer that Gary, admitting the demise of his amour with the still-wedded Countess di Frasso, boldly declared that henceforth he was devoting all of his energies to his career, with no time out for serious thought to the opposite sex. But that was before he was introduced to Sandra, whom he met on common ground because of her fondness for outdoor sports.

The Love Parade

WITH Gary and Sandra blazing the trail, the big trek to the parson's gate is under way.

Mervyn Leroy, youthful director of box-office winners, and Doris Warner, daughter of Mervyn's big boss and heiress to many celluloid millions, will take the vows during the Yule season.

It probably will be a double wedding in jolly old London for Cary Grant and blonde Virginia Cherrill, and Cary's buddy, Randolph Scott, and Vivian Gaye, Sari Maritza's attractive manager.

Cary will meet Virginia in England, and escort her to Kent to visit his parents before the nuptials, while Randy will pay a call at Vivian's abode in the British capital to gain consent of her Dad.

Maureen and Johnny

JOHNNY FARROW and Maureen O'Sullivan will don double harness as soon as they can get a special dispensation from Rome, the Pope's approval being necessary because of a previous marriage involving the bridegroom-to-be.

Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell, engaged for almost four years, will journey down the aisle before the wild geese start Northward again.

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford probably will visit the license bureau the day Joan's divorce from Doug Fairbanks Jr. becomes final in February.

Charlie Chaplin's friends tell me that Charlie plans to elope with Paulette Goddard as soon as he completes his current picture.

Al Hall and Lola Lane are counting the days until Lola's year of grass-widowship from Lew Ayres ends.

Larry Kent and Natalie Talmadge, the erstwhile Mrs. Buster Keaton, have ordered the invitations.

Bob Risken and Glenda Farrell are perusing honeymoon tour maps and discussing home furnishings.

Ricardo Cortez and Christine Lee have decided everything except the date for the ceremony.

New Loves For Old

FOR sheer courage in the wake of matrimonial disaster, you have to hand it to these Hollywood beaux.

Bill Powell was a terribly dejected fellow when Carole Lombard hied herself to Nevada to divorce him, but he's finding a new interest in life—and love—in the companionship of Margaret Lindsay.

HOLLYWOOD

FROM HOLLYWOOD

co's ace matador, to instruct Georgie Raft in the art of tossing the bull . . . Clarence Brown drew an offer of \$100,000 for directing *The Merchant of Venice* for a British talkie concern . . . yet he's hesitating . . . They had to do a lot of censoring on Eddie Cantor's *The Kid From Spain* before it could be shown in Barcelona . . . Fox is starring Lily Damita in its French-made productions . . . Ramón Novarro plans a Mexican concert tour . . . it will be the occasion for his first visit to the land of his birth

since he left there an unknown eighteen years ago . . . Universal is bringing Jan Kiepura, Polish tenor who scored in *Be Mine Tonight*, to Hollywood for four musical flickers . . .

National

THAT WIDELY-HERALDED Embassy club brawl in which Artist Peter Arno, Social Lion Drexel Biddle Steel and Actress Sally O'Neil hurled fists and chairs, was merely a publicity stunt for

Steel's chatter broadcast over a national network . . . It was Charlie Chaplin's overwhelming desire to be of service to the country that made him rich that caused him to forget his fear of microphones and radio an appeal for NRA support.

events in Movieland and doings of the stars as seen and complete detail by our star reporter

Richard Dix lost no time in dating up his one-time fiancée, Lois Wilson, after the courts granted Winifred Coe's plea for a severance of the marriage ties.

Adolphe Menjou's decree won't be final until next August, yet he is already laying plans for his marriage to Verree Teasdale, who is very, very proud of the solitaire Adolphe gave her.

And the Prince, Too

PRINCE SERGE MDIVANI temporarily wipes Mary McCormic and her legal actions against him from his thoughts when he steps out with Kathryn Carver, the ex-Mrs. Menjou.

Dick Powell has been free only a year, but those in the know insist that he'll bestow his name on Gwen Heller, Jack Warner's niece, early in 1934.

Spencer Tracy and Louise Treadwell are merely enjoying a matrimonial vacation, yet all Cinematown is talking about his romance with Loretta Young.

King Vidor is forgetting Eleanor Boardman, his "ex," while he coos in Betty Hill's ear.

And so it goes in Hollywood!

Specs For IT Girl

CLARA BOW used to don shell-rimmed glasses as a disguise when she ventured forth along Hollywood boulevard. Now she's wearing them on an oculist's orders in an effort to correct a marked astigmatism.

The Cost of Fame

SALLY RAND IS BACK in the movies to cash in on the publicity she drew while thrilling Century of Progress patrons with her fan dance. Sally has thousands of newspaper and magazine clippings to show for her artistic endeavors in Chicago.

Five years ago Hollywood was hailing Sally as the most beautiful blonde in the films. She was under contract to Fox

in that era. Now Paramount is casting her as a dancer with Carole Lombard and George Raft in *Bolero* as a build-up before permitting her to do more important things in *Murder in the Vanities*.

Judith a Redhead

EVEN Wrestler Gus Sonnenberg might find it a bit difficult these days to pick out his ex-wife, Judith Allen, in a crowd. Judith's once brown tresses are now a vivid red.

Mae a Producer?

COLONEL MAE WEST—one of the Kentucky colonels, Suh!—is giving serious thought to the question of producing her own talkies. Rumor has it that she will sever her connections with Paramount after her next production, *It Ain't No Sin*.

But while Mae is debating the matter in her own mind, there is another actress in Hollywood who looks with envy upon Mae's healthy—and regular—paychecks. The lady is none other than Gloria Swanson.

Gloria now realizes that she might have been the silversheet's richest star had she been willing to let others do the financing of her vehicles. After almost ten years of playing a lone hand, she finally is anxious to find a spot on somebody's salary roll.

Gloria is ready to admit that \$10,000 a week was a heap of wealth back in the days when she declined that figure to stir her own.

Swanson has but little left out of the



—Elmer Fryer
Erica Newell was appearing in *Strike Me Pink* on the New York stage when she was offered a film contract

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

Romance

THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE freshly-divorced Mary McCormic betrothed to Harry Bannister and two other fellows all within the short space of one week . . . George Raft and Marjorie King started theatreward together, but reached their destination in separate autos . . . it was merely a lovers' quarrel, and all is serene now . . . Jimmy Dunn continues in the rôle of Claire Trevor's favorite squire . . . Lila Lee and John McCormick, Colleen Moore's "ex," are going places together . . . Arthur Johnson, the lyricist, is in town with the vowed intention of leading Loretta Sayers to the altar . . . They're telling that Harpo Marx will middle-aisle it with Susan Fleming immediately upon his return from his Russian tour . . . Florence Rice can't quite make up her mind between Phillips Holmes and Owen Davis Jr. . . . Lilian Harvey wants to take another look at Willie Frisch, the German star, before she says "Yes" to his pleas . . . Elbert Franklin, who used to be Toby Wing's

Ida Lupino is expected to climb rapidly up the ladder of fame now that she has an American film contract. She is in Search for Beauty

millions that came her way!

Afraid of Himself

TOM BROWN, youthful Romeo, is no longer willing to trust himself in this community of beautiful ingénues.

Tom and pretty Jean Parker have signed a pledge that neither will wed for five years.

Whoever fails to live up to the agreement forfeits \$1,000.

Even stranger than this, however, is a second pact agreed to by Jean, in which she promises to marry Pancho Lucas at the end of the half decade.

Pancho is the former office boy selected by Metro to portray the bandit Villa as a boy in *Viva Villa*.

their matrimonial bark in much the same manner as would a couple of rural honeymooners in less-than-moderate circumstances.

Because they decided to advance the date for the nuptials by three months, Frances and Joel returned from their Eastern invasion to find their new ranch home far from completion. So they are eking out an existence in what eventually will be the dining-room and kitchen while carpenters rush their tasks on the balance of the big manor.

The ranch is a sixty-minute drive from Hollywood.

Mary Visits Barber

BECAUSE she's going sophisticated as George O'Brien's leading lady in *The Heir to Hoorah*, Mary Brian went out and bought herself a new-style haircut.

And apparently Mary's changed

Love on the Farm

FRANCES DEE AND Joel McCrea may draw weighty salary envelopes for their screen toil, but they're launching



Lila Lee, Jeanette MacDonald and Gloria Swanson formed an appreciative audience when Gloria's husband, Michael Farmer won his bet that he could drink out of three glasses and a champagne bottle simultaneously during a repeal celebration at the popular Vendome café

—Wide World

passion before she met Maurice Chevalier, now night-spots it with young Rochelle Hudson . . . Barbara Weeks and Guinn (Big Boy) Williams are serious . . . Martha Sleeper's new heart is Ted Bassett, handsome Easterner . . . Gloria Shea and Walter Kane are on the verge of an elopement . . . Jeanne Howard is keeping Charlie Feldman from getting too lonesome while Raquel Torres, his fiancée, is in London . . . Eddie Hillman, Marian Nixon's former mate, is finding romance with Florence Desmond . . . Sheila Terry gets two long-distance calls from Orchestra Leader Vincent Lopez daily . . . Joan Marsh and wealthy Tommy Lee are altarbound . . . Twelve photographs adorn the walls of Jack Oakie's boudoir . . . and they're all of the same girl, Edith Holloway . . . Ginger Rogers admits she's very, very fond of Lew Ayres, but insists she isn't marrying Lew or anyone else for the next five years . . . Irene Hervey is Dean Markham's *big moment* . . . Lewis Milestone, the director, and Kendall Glenser, just freed from the international jeweler, are plotting a future together . . . Maurice Hill, em-

bryo medico, is ditching it all in favor of acting just to please Fifi Dorsay.

Marriages

ELEANOR HUNT, the former Mrs. Rex Lease, is giving matrimony another tryout . . . Dr. Frank Nolan is the bridegroom . . . Now that stuttering Rosco Ates and his former frau have revived their old vaudeville act, they're considering a remarriage . . . Dancer Betty Kaage's elopement with rich young Jack Peine of Chicago provides the answer for her surprise move in withdrawing her \$100,000 heart balm action against Alan Dinehart . . . Alice White and Sidney Bartlett were married at Magdalena, Sonora, Mexico. Townsfolk gave a dance in their honor . . . Verna Hille is the second Paramount panther woman to find love in Hollywood . . . she's the bride of Frank Gill, Jr., a radio m. c. . . The Doris Warner-Mervyn Leroy nuptials have been scheduled for January 3.

appearance has made her more intriguing than ever, for the gatekeepers out at Fox Hills are finding it difficult to keep her army of beaux from falling over one another.

Gene Raymond, Jack Oakie, Donald Cook and Russell Gleason are almost daily callers.

John To Do Hamlet

JOHN BARRYMORE is going to do Hamlet behind the footlights. But leave it to a Barrymore to be different.

John is after Hollywood Bowl, with its 25,000 seating capacity, for the presentation of his own version of the Shakespearean vehicle in which he starred for more than two years on the London stage.

The younger prince of Broadway royal family has been paying daily visits to the Bowl, testing out his voice, which, naturally, has lost much of its volume during his long run in front of the microphones.

Details for the venture will be worked out by John while he cruises the South Seas with Dolores and the two kiddies early this Spring.

He's Not So Dumb!

JACKIE COOPER has gone Hollywood in a big way.

This good looking juvenile who spells romance and adventure to American youngsters squired beautiful Lila Lee to luncheon at the Brown Derby. It was his initial appearance as a real-life beau.

Jackie did nobly throughout the meal, but when the waiter presented him with a check totalling \$5.25, he nonchalantly opened Lila's purse and paid off.

He explained that it's an old Hollywood custom!

Ramón's Sister In Début

THE RATHER LARGE Samaniego family is contributing another of its talented members to the screen. This time it is Carmen, 19-year-old sister of Ramón Novarro.

Like Ramón, Carmen originally intended to become a dancer, and she recently made her first public appearance as such at a Los Angeles benefit performance.

But now she is to display her dramatic ability in the rôle of Ramón's screen sister in *Laughing Boy*.

Hero Worship

BORIS KARLOFF, a star in his own right ever since he drew shrieks from movie patrons with his portrayal of *Frankenstein*, is temporarily doffing his stellar toga to play second fiddle to the man he considers the greatest actor of them all—his fellow countryman, George Arliss.

Karloff will satisfy a lifetime ambition when he goes into a featured rôle in support of Arliss in Twentieth Century's *The House of Rothchild*.

As a mere boy in London, Karloff, whose real name is Bill Pratt, hoarded his allowance in order to applaud Arliss from a gallery seat.

Separation Succeeds

AFTER THREE MONTHS of it, Gloria Stuart has pronounced her trial separation from her sculptor-husband, Blair Gordon Newell, "a howling success."

"We are lovers again," declared Gloria. "We have gone back to the days of our courtship five years ago."

Gloria said Blair and she would continue the plan of separate abodes for another nine months, at least.



The youngest bicyclist on record. Jobyna Ralston (Mrs. Arlen) fixed a basket on the bars of her bike in which Richard Ralston Arlen gleefully rides while Papa Dick Arlen proudly watches the youngster enjoy the sport. They were vacationing at Palm Springs

—Wide World

The Long



"Lindsey," Carl said, "you've been dangling a decent boy on the string and tearing around with a vicious crowd. You've got to stop lying to me and running out on your job"

THE CAST

JOHN BARRYMORE.....Carl Bellairs
ALAN MOWBRAY.....Sir Anthony Gelding
HELEN CHANDLER.....Lindsey
REGINALD SHARLAND.....Lord Vivyan
DONALD COOK.....Bill Strong

AN RKO-RADIO PRODUCTION

Fictionized from the screen play

● by Edward R. Sammis

The glamorous story of a fascinating
roue caught at last in a relentless
web of love!

LINDSEY LANE dropped the blade of her fencing foil and leaned back, laughing and quite out of breath, against the wall of the gymnasium. Her cheeks were flushed, her blue eyes sparkling as she pushed the mass of blonde curly ringlets back from her forehead.

That last bout had been a hard go. Still there was nothing like fencing to provide the poise and grace so necessary to a successful dancer—especially a dancer who was the toast of London.

"Enough for today! You are getting better every time, Mees Lane," said the little Italian fencing master, beaming proudly on his pupil.

Suddenly she caught sight of Bill Strong lounging in the doorway, waiting for her.

● "Hi!" he called, lifting his hand in careless greeting, a pleased grin on his lean, dark face. It was so like Bill—so American. No stuffy Englishman would do that. Evidently London hadn't affected him at all in the six months since he had come over from the States to take his internship at Victoria Hospital.

As Lindsey ran across the floor to join him, an ecstasy of happiness welled up in her. It seemed that fate was being kind to her at last. Her life had not been an easy one, living as she had in a succession of provincial boarding houses while she had tried to eke out a living for as long as she could remember. But two months ago her specialty dance at the Palladium had scored a hit with smart West End audiences. Then yesterday Bill had asked her to marry him. Her cup of joy seemed just about full.

"Hullo, darling," said Lindsey, putting up her parted lips for Bill to kiss. "Come wait for me while I have a shower and dress."

Bill followed her down a narrow corridor to a row of little cubicles. Lindsey disappeared for a moment, then emerged with a rubber cap sheathing her blonde curls, a flash of white legs visible beneath her striped bathrobe.

"Just be a minute," she said, and slipped into the shower room across the hall.

"Hold these." Lindsey's bare arm reached out from behind the door of the shower room, handing Bill her bathrobe and towel. Bill smiled as he heard her splashing and singing behind the rubber curtains.

"How about lunching at the Happy Hour?" Bill asked casually. The singing stopped.

"No!" Lindsey's reply was emphatic.

"Don't you want to see your father?" Bill inquired mildly. "After all, I thought he might want to know about our marriage."

Copyright, 1934, by RKO-Radio Pictures Corporation

HOLLYWOOD

Lost Father



Lady Hermione cleverly hid her anger. "Carl," she said, "you must stop seeing either Lindsey or me. I won't have a young whippersnapper of a girl cutting me out!"

"I never want to see him!" Lindsey answered bitterly. Lindsey's father, the debonair and dashing Carl Bellairs, was proprietor and chief drawing card of the Happy Hour. He had deserted Lindsey's mother when Lindsey was only a baby, and she had never seen him from that day on. She had grown to hate this father of hers, although she had closely followed in the papers his career as an adventurer, soldier of fortune, and man-about-town with an avid, perverse curiosity. About-town gossips were whispering that the beautiful and wealthy Lady Hermione was the latest to fall victim to his charms.

"I saw him yesterday," Bill said. "He's not a bad sort, really. Why don't you give the man a chance?"

"Did he give my mother a chance?" Lindsey flared. "Did he give *me* a chance? He ran away from us both and as far as I'm concerned he can stay away!"

Her mood changed abruptly.

"Now turn your back," she called. "Venus is about to arise from the foam."

Bill felt the towel and bathrobe snatched from his arms. Out of the corner of his eye he caught a flash of her slim white body hastily enveloped in the striped flannel folds as she dashed for her dressing room.

It was a new Lindsey who came out a few minutes later, breathlessly beautiful in her smart tailored suit. Bill caught her in his arms and crushed her to him.

"Oh, darling, I love you so!" she murmured, touching his cheek with her fingers, her mouth seeking his.

"Let's not go to the Happy Hour," she said. "I'd prefer a coffee stall. We'd be alone there."

"As you wish, dear," Bill agreed.

● While Bill and Lindsey were lunching in the dark intimacy of the little booth, Carl Bellairs, darkly handsome and distinguished in morning coat and striped trousers, was eyeing the swinging doors anxiously, as he bowed the noonday customers into the Happy Hour, twiddling his long fingers behind his back in nervousness.

It was the devil of a mess. That young American, Dr. Strong, had promised to bring his daughter in today. He didn't want to see her. What was the use? He had washed his hands of her long ago. She had probably grown into a prissy creature who would immediately take him to task for his ways of living.

As the crowd thinned, hope revived. Perhaps something had happened and she wasn't coming after all. He made the rounds of the tables, beaming at red-faced Sir Anthony Gelding as he passed.

He would have preferred to slap Sir Anthony's fat jowls instead. But the man was the secret owner of the Happy Hour and Carl was at his beck and call. He had hired Carl and could fire him if he chose. Hiding his dislike had become a habit with Carl now. This newest job meant too much to him. He wanted to stay in legitimate business now if he could—getting too far along for confidence games, he reflected, rubbing his chin.

His perennial youth was slipping from him. Middle age was threatening to encroach on the Bellairs dash and devil-may-care attitude. Yes, Carl admitted to himself, he was softening under the easy life London and the Happy Hour afforded him. Sometimes he even wondered what life would be like with a home and his daughter to care for him.

A waiter approached respectfully and coughed. Carl looked up sharply, irritated.

"There's a man to see you, sir. Insisted on having you summoned. Said he was an old friend of yours," the waiter explained.

Carl shrugged his broad, slightly stooped shoulders, and strode to his private office. A short, badly dressed man sprang to his feet when he caught sight of Carl. His wizened face cracked in a toothless smile.

"Well, Carl, here I am. Just like a bad penny."

"Worse." Carl made a wry face. "I could use a bad penny in a slot machine. Where have you been?"

"They gave me three years just after we got separated in Australia. I didn't like to write from prison. It might have hurt your reputation."

"That was decent of you, Spot," Carl smiled.

Spot stood silent a moment.

"Ever see your daughter?" he asked abruptly.

Carl shook his head. "I gave all that up twenty years ago. I couldn't stand the smell of cabbage in the house and the sight of diapers hanging on the clothes line."



Bill's eyes brimmed with love as he gazed at Lindsey. "I wish we could celebrate with champagne but I just have enough for beer," he said. Then his brow darkened as the waiter arrived with champagne and announced it was from Sir Anthony



"Your daughter stole some twelve hundred pounds from me," Sir Anthony snarled. "Either she returns it by nightfall or I'll bring action!"

"She'd hardly be wearin' diapers now," Spot reminded him.

Carl changed the subject. "Well, what do you want?"

Spot came to the point. "I want a job. I need work and money. I thought maybe you could help me out."

Carl thought a moment. "See the headwaiter and tell him you're going to work here. He'll give you a uniform and teach you how to wait on table." That would give Spot money and keep him near. He might need Spot's services again sometime.

He ran absently through his mail. A big envelope caught his attention. It was a letter from a law firm, informing him that his sister-in-law had died, and asking if he would please appear that afternoon to hear the will of the deceased.

● Carl went directly to the waiting room of the law office.

He paced impatiently up and down the tiny room. Perhaps he would be left enough money to retire and be a country gentleman, he thought, scarcely noticing the young girl who sat quietly watching him.

Lindsey had recognized Carl the minute she saw him



Specters from the past haunted Carl. His forgotten loves danced by in tinsel parade. "Lindsey," he pleaded, "if you refuse to believe in me, I'm lost!"

come into the room. His gay and jaunty air, the imperious lift of his shapely head, the finely chiselled Bellairs profile, which she remembered so well from newspaper pictures, all proclaimed Carl as her father.

"Dull, waiting in lawyers' offices, isn't it?" Carl inquired conversationally, smiling at Lindsey. His cultured voice fell softly on Lindsey's burning ears. She looked the other way with a quick, impatient movement.

"These law books are sometimes interesting. Here's something," Carl continued, holding out a richly bound volume. Lindsey deliberately turned her back to him. Carl laughed and put the book back.

A clerk came to the door. "Will you come in please?"

"Both of us?" Carl asked in surprise. The clerk nodded, and Lindsey swept past him into the private office. The lawyer was waiting for them.

"So good of you to come, Miss Bellairs," he said.

Carl stopped in his tracks. "Bellairs?" he faltered.

"Why yes—Mr. Bellairs—you know your daughter, don't you? Her stage name is Lindsey Lane."

So this was Lindsey! Carl coughed nervously.

"Why no, I—I'm sorry, I—"

"You needn't bother to shake hands," Lindsey said coldly. Unaccountably she felt hurt that her father had failed to recognize her. She wanted to hate him, but all her impulses urged her to hurl herself into his arms, to beg him to be a real father to her.

"I'm sorry," the lawyer began, anxious to smooth matters over, "but the deceased's will left only a pound for you

Please turn to page fifty-eight

Hollywood NEWS in Pictures



BEAUTY WINNERS—Gwen Munro and Brian Norman, Australia, are among the winners of an international beauty contest who will appear in *Search for Beauty*



—Wide World
ENGAGED — Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow, screen writer, have announced their engagement



IN HANDS OF LAW take Baby LeRoy's first used as aid in event



FAVORITE RETURNS—Roland Young and Lilian Gish in an exclusive *Great Adventure* which is to be her first screen appearance after a



—Acme
FETED—Governor James Rolph of California (standing), Edgar Allen Woolf (seated), and Will Rogers were among the celebrities at Marie Dressler's birthday party



al News
 fficers
 to be
 naped



m The
 absence

—Wide World
WILL THEY MARRY?—Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone spent a vacation in New York



ALICE'S SISTER—Jacqueline Wells was appearing at the Pasadena Community Playhouse when she was offered the rôle of Alice's sister in Alice in Wonderland. Now her screen future seems assured

New, untold anecdotes about Will Rogers
revealed by a friend who has known him
for thirty years

by GUY WEADICK

YEARS BACK, WHEN cow ranches were the rule rather than the exception in Oklahoma, the C V ranch headquarters was located at Oologah, about twelve miles north of what is now Claremore, Oklahoma.

It was owned by C. V. Rogers, better known as "Uncle Clem" Rogers, a quarter-breed Cherokee and one of the outstanding men of the Cherokee Nation, a man whose efforts were responsible for many of the advancements made by that tribe, and in whose honor, Rogers County, Oklahoma was named.

On this ranch, November 7, 1879 was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Rogers a son. He was christened Will, but for years was known throughout the neighborhood as "that ropin' Rogers kid."

It was only natural, being raised in the ranch and range atmosphere of the period, that young Rogers should become proficient in horsemanship as well as in the use of the lariat or "rope." While still in his teens, his father staked him to a brand, the Dog iron, and a bunch of cattle.

Although Will was an adept in the use of the "rope" in the usual routine of ranch work, he early displayed a deep interest in the art of

That ROPIN' ROGERS KID

Will Rogers is a great cowboy contest fan and still continues to keep his hand in at trick roping. Some claim he is the best fancy roper in the world



When Will Rogers received a command from the Kaiser to put on his act he said: "I'm an American citizen an' there ain't nobody got any right to command me to do anything"

"trick" roping as it was called. In other words, the spinning of a rope and making what is known as "fancy" catches. He practiced this style of roping to such an extent that soon he could execute all the tricks known in that section. Next he figured out new stunts until he was considered far in advance of any roper of that style in that part of the Territory.

In 1899 he attended his first cowboy contest (rodeo or stampede as they are called today). It was held in St. Louis and offered the largest cash purses ever offered for a cowboy contest, up to that time.

Along about this time stories began to drift into the Southwest—where the settlers were beginning to cut up the cattle range—regarding the advantages offered to cowmen, in South America. Rogers had just come of age and he decided to go south of the equator and look over the prospects, so in 1901 he sailed for the Argentine.

After spending a few months in the land of the gauchos, Will sailed for South America with a bunch of stock. Upon his arrival there he made the acquaintance of an American named "Texas Jack" who was operating a Wild West Show. Shortly after, Rogers and his trick roping exhibition became

Please turn to page forty-eight

As the Earth Turns—

So comes Fame to Jean Muir who has created a new sensation in jaded Hollywood

by
ALYCE CURTIS

MECA OF EVERY type of womanhood from the far corners of the globe, Hollywood lacked only one well-defined type of girl until Jean Muir came along.

That type was the Joan of Arc brand of woman—beautiful, spiritual, courageous, strong, clean as a mountain breeze, capable and with a serious mission in life. That's the kind of girl Jean Muir is.

It seems passing strange, too, that the screen never before has had just such a type for she is the kind that both men and women have admired for centuries . . . long before Mae West, Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow and all the other mistresses of sex appeal had ever been dreamed of.

Next to Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan, Jean Muir is the most talked about young actress in Hollywood today—tangible proof in itself that the movie moguls do not demand steaming hot-cha types alone.

Jean, in five months time has had as swift a rise as any girl since Katharine Hepburn got her start a year ago. Jean played a character rôle in Paul Muni's picture *The World Changes*, then she was made Joe E. Brown's leading woman in *Son of a Sailor*, then Warren William's heroine in *Bedside*. Now she is playing virtually a starring rôle in *As the Earth Turns*.

It may be one of the big pictures of the year. If so, Jean becomes a star automatically. After she finishes *As the Earth Turns*, Jean will be Richard Barthelmess' modern heroine in his new picture, *A Modern Hero*.

I had heard of this paragon . . . this modern Joan of Arc in Hollywood where all is dazzle and glamor . . . where sex and frivolity run rampant, so with no small degree of curiosity I found her one sunny day, wrapped in a big winter overcoat on the Warner Brothers set of *As the Earth Turns*.

Gladys Hasty Carroll's best seller is being made into a powerful drama of rural Maine. So realistic was the scene which greeted my eyes, I doubted really being in sunny California. The snow fell in a blizzard over a barren orchard cold with winter. An old horse plowed its way with difficulty to the door. I understand this same scene is to be duplicated in



Jean Muir brings a new type of womanhood to Hollywood—beautiful, spiritual, capable and with a serious mission in life. Among other Warner Brothers pictures she will be seen in As the Earth Turns



spring with budding peach blossoms, and in fall with turning leaves.

As Jean and I sat chatting and reminiscing in her stage dressing room, just outside this movie blizzard, I instantly felt the great charm of her simplicity, both in appearance and conversation.

Tall, stately, graceful, she is innocently defiant of all modern artifices. Her charm lies in her ability to appeal to the mind as well as the eye. Her's is a natural beauty . . . she uses no make-up except on the screen, and her face, which is singularly beautiful, expresses her own inner strength and vision.

"I like playing people who seem real," she said. "To be a great actress to me means playing any rôle . . . any type. That is the meaning of acting. I should like to play an old lady or a young one with equal sincerity."

You see, since childhood it seems, Jean has lived in the magic realm of make-believe. Perhaps to escape the drab world in which she lived

Please turn to page fifty-five

FLYING DOWN TO RIO



Romance in the Clouds!

● Gene Raymond and Dolores Del Rio in love scenes of incomparable romantic beauty! Gorgeous girls in dazzling dance spectacles of extravagant beauty and originality with the scenes laid on a mammoth airliner en route to South America! This is but a hint of what you may expect in *Flying Down to Rio*, the pretentious musical show which RKO-Radio is offering with Ginger Rogers and other featured players in addition to those mentioned above and an immense company of exquisite dancing girls



"I'm Through With Love!"

The story of Russ Columbo whose life has been stranger than fiction

by RUTH BIERY

RUSS COLOMBO has one of the most sensational stories that I know. It is ready-made for the screen. Natural drama that few writers could imagine. And yet I wonder just how it all could come about in three years.

I remember the Russ Colombo to whom nothing had ever happened so well. He used to sit in my living room night after night, with his pal, Lansing Brown and yearn for a break "like other fellows." He would play the piano and sing. A full-blooded Italian—music was a part of him. With the birth of the talkies, they had taken him from the orchestra at the Cocomat Grove with big promises of glamorous rôles.

But promises in Hollywood are as easy to secure as sand in the desert. He doubled for the famous male stars when they were supposed to be singing in those first talkies. Of course he had tests—at almost every studio in the city. And the verdict was always the same.

"You are too dark; too Latin. The Latin type went out with Valentino! But we'll double your voice for so-and-so."

I wish I could bring you a true picture of this boy as I knew him then. Wistful. Sad. Discouraged. The youngest of twelve children—the only one left to support his mother and father. How we tried to encourage him. "You'll get your break, Russ. You've got the goods—"

At first, his eyes would gleam with ambition but as the months rolled by and even doubling became scarce—until he had been out of work for eight months, he faced it squarely.

"There's no chance for me. I'm going back to being a musician. I'm putting an orchestra into The Pyramid Club on Hollywood Boulevard. It's new. It may not mean much. But—" He shrugged. He was thoroughly discouraged.

Four months later he was collecting \$7,500 per week on Broadway as a crooner!

● I did not see him again until the night *Broadway Thru a Keyhole* was previewed in Los Angeles. I knew that this boy was realizing the climax of a life's ambition when he saw his name heading the cast of a motion picture. We could not talk there. Hundreds were crowding forward to beg his autograph.

He has just left my house again. He has filled in the blank spaces of that story. And has left me dizzy. Yes, dizzy. His first words were so unexpected.

"Well, I left here broke. You know that. I came back the same way. I made a quarter of a million dollars in three years and I had less than \$10,000 when I crawled into Los Angeles, sick and tired of it all and hid out at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. No one knew I was there. For four months, no one knew I was even in the city—"

The three years reads like a movie scenario with the



—Jack Freulich

Russ Columbo was broke and discouraged in Hollywood when opportunity beckoned. Four months later he was collecting \$7,500 per week on Broadway as a crooner. Reverses followed this success but now his future in pictures is assured

first scene at the Pyramid Club when a song writer approached him. "How would you like to go to New York?"

"He offered to pay my expenses to New York. He was to manage me and get one-third of all I made. I'd never been out of California. I—well, it was the impulse of a moment. I went with him.

"He told some National Broadcasting officials and they

Please turn to page sixty-three

Can a Woman Love

Miriam Hopkins answers a question that confronts every woman sometime in her life

by MIRIAM HOPKINS
as told to
Gladys McVeigh

PRIMITIVE POLYANDRY, which in simple terms is the curious ability of one woman to love two men with equal intensity, belongs to an epoch of the past, yet harking back through the ages, every woman (even as you and I) at some period in her life has had to answer this burning question.

Secretly and perhaps instinctively, certain daring feminine spirits have sought an answer to their curiosity, paying dearly for their inquisitiveness in primitive days no doubt, with busted skulls, and in later times with social ostracism and disgrace.

I suppose the reason I was nominated to talk about this interesting question, is because of my recent screen performance in *Design for Living*, wherein as an ultra-modern young woman I find myself in the polyandrous rôle of being hopelessly in love with two men, Gary Cooper and Fredric March.

● Polyandry is nothing new. It has been practiced in the past with respect, and in fact still flourishes among some of the dark tribes today, where the population is predominantly male and where women-folk necessarily must be protected from elemental nature.

If our more primitive sisters indulged in it because of necessity, the women of today have renewed the idea through asserting their own inclinations.

Today women have power, that is the right to vote, to earn their own living. They are self-sustaining and they want to compete with men in all departments. The notion that women are monogamists by nature and that men are polygamists is ancient and outworn.

When the hausfrau was little above the plough horse all was serene, but now she wants the same freedom in love that she has been allowed to enjoy in all other social activities. She has been recognized as man's equal and demanded a recount as it were. In addition to her other accomplishments she feels the glorious privilege of having some choice in the selection of her life mate, yet despite all that has been said about her I believe we still find her fundamentally "woman," with a fine sense of instinctive exclusiveness.

There is little doubt that the spectrum of love includes a multitude of ingredients. As a beam of light passes



"When you say 'love,' " declares Miriam Hopkins, "you are toying with one of the most abused words in the English language. Too much, I believe, the perfect love of a past age has become the sex attraction of a later age"

through a crystal prism to break itself into a myriad of color, so I sometimes consider the personalities of men as varying in their intensity as the rays of a light.

The contrasting qualities of two men might be so varied that I might say, "Yes, I feel an emotion akin to love for each of them. Gary for his sympathetic understanding . . . or Fredric for his mental brilliance." But wait . . . do not mistake me—that is not love in its complete sense.

● When you say "love" you are toying with one of the most abused words in the English language.

Historically speaking, love had its advent into the world some 3,000 years ago. During the sultanesque reign of

Two Men at the Same Time?

Solomon, in an epoch more frankly unmoral than any of which history has cognizance, a native girl of Shulam dared express her preference for an unknown shepherd boy to a monarch in all his splendor and gave us *The Song of Songs*. It is the first evangel of the heart.

This age-old questing by women, undoubtedly has been due to something more fundamental than mere gnawing curiosity. Unquestionably, it had its mainspring in a seeking, a blind sort of groping for perfection in man.

When a woman finds this ideal blending of qualities and characteristic in man her curiosity is satisfied and we find love.

He is the vase to hold the quintessence of her own ideals.

She is blind to all but her lover. She wants nobody else. Their compliments seem flat and banal to her. She becomes forgetful of self and desirous only of pleasing her adored one. That is why I do not believe a woman can truly love but one man at a time.

History records many instances where women have perished nobly for the man to whom they have given their heart—but can you imagine, dear reader, two men being the cause of so great a sacrifice?

Too much I believe has the perfect love of a past age become the sex attraction of a later age. There are those who wish to arrange their relationship on a comfortably prosaic level without any high strung pretense of sentimental love.

To reduce love to such a cold unimpassioned routine is to miss the possibilities of a deep, enduring passion.

All women at some critical moment in their lives have wondered—what is the supreme happiness?

For some it is the love of fame and fortune. For others the love of a child.

When I first came to Hollywood, although I was tre-
Please turn to page fifty-three



*Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and Gary Cooper in the picturization of Noel Coward's *Design for Living* work out an interesting problem in polyandry. Polyandry is nothing new but the notion that women are monogamists by nature and that men are polygamists is ancient and outworn, Miriam says*

Confessions of A MOVIE

The vivid story of a girl who thought she could
take the easiest way to fame

ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, a certain beauty contest winner came to Hollywood and promptly won a contract with one of the major studios.

She was—and is—one of the most beautiful girls who ever stepped before a movie camera. She has wit, vivacity, instinctive “clothes-sense”—in short, most of the qualities which make for stardom. Everyone predicted that she would become a great star. Instead, she has become a Hollywood play-girl!

You would recognize her name if I revealed it, for, without being a success, she has played in innumerable minor “bits,” and she has been a fixture in the gossip columns. Her name has been linked repeatedly with the names of Hollywood’s greatest celebrities.

Whenever and wherever the fun-seekers of Filmtown gather, she is not only in evidence, but the very life of the party. She has attended every première in the last three years, she knows every headwaiter by his nickname, and she could find her way, blindfolded, into every speakeasy between the border and Santa Barbara.

I’ve persuaded her to tell her story—and in it you’ll find the reasons for her screen failure. They’re worth considering, for they blast many very popular misconceptions about Hollywood and its film workers.

● “When I first came here,” she told me, “I was blinded by my own egotism. I was insanely ambitious to become a great star—and I was ridiculously confident that I had only to play a few small parts, and be seen by a few directors, in order to

“I have gone to every
gay party staged in
Hollywood for three
years. I have learned
a lot about Hollywood
--and that I was a fool”



As told to
SIGURD ERICSSON

PLAY-GIRL



This colorful scene from Flying Down to Rio illustrates the playgirl's conception of life in Hollywood. She discovered too late that Hollywood is not a glittering world where stars spend most of their time in a constant whirl of parties

place my name in lights. I know now that I'll never be a star. I never could have been a star. My attitude was wrong from the start.

"Before coming to Hollywood, I lived in a small Middle-Western town. I was the prettiest girl in that town—and don't think for a moment that I wasn't well aware of the fact.

"In high school, I was a ring-leader of the fastest crowd. I had a 'wild' reputation, and I was proud of it. I was in half-a-dozen 'scrapes' by the time I was eighteen—but I managed to get out of them all without any actual scandal, and they made me all the more conceited. I wanted to be considered a 'woman of the world,' and I felt that I was irresistible.

"I was married when I was nineteen—and I regretted it before I was twenty. My husband was a good dancer, but he was lazy and shiftless, just a small town 'sheik.'

"I rebelled at the monotony, and longed to get away from that one-horse-town. Hollywood was the end of my rainbow—and you can imagine my excitement when I won that beauty contest and was notified that I would be sent to Hollywood. My only regret was that my husband decided to come with me.

"I was given a screen test the day I arrived here and two days later, I was called to the studio and offered a contract. My starting salary was \$125 a week, and each three months, if the studio exercised its options, my contract would be renewed and my salary increased.

"The idea that the studio might refuse its options never penetrated my conceit . . . and neither did the idea that I owed the studio anything in the way of honest effort. I pictured Hollywood as a glittering world where glamorous stars spent a few care-free hours now and then before the cameras, and the rest of their time in a constant whirl of dizzy parties. My salary, during the final year of my contract, was to be \$2,500 a week, and I proceeded to spend it

five years in advance. To give my husband—ex-husband now—all due credit, he gave me enthusiastic help in incurring a mountain of debts.

● "I was turned over to a dramatic coach, a kindly old veteran of the stage, who sincerely wanted to help me. He told me, repeatedly, that no actress could succeed without unceasing study and work. He cited examples, famous stage stars of whom I never had heard—and I laughed at him. I had read that many stars had never spent much time studying their 'art,' and I felt that I was a great deal more attractive than some of those stars. Several directors and several prominent leading men had shown me attention already. Everyone said that 'pull' was the one sure road to screen success and that was the road I decided to take.

"I played my first rôle in an underworld melodrama. The director—I'll call him Stanley Feldman, although that isn't his real name—went 'on the make' for me the very first day of production, and I not only knew it, but encouraged him in every way possible. I knew that he had plenty of influence with the 'big boss.'

"Feldman took me to dinner several times and, of course, it got into the gossip columns. My husband was furious and we had several nasty quarrels. Finally, I left him and Feldman helped me pick out an apartment in one of the swankiest apartment houses in Hollywood.

"What I didn't know was that Laura Daimler (that's not her real name, either), one of the biggest stars on the lot, was in love with Feldman. And neither did I know just how stupid and amateurish my work in that first picture was.

"My first jolt came when the studio failed to take up my second option. I hadn't saved a dime and I was head-over-heels in debt.

"Feldman handed me my second jolt when he and Laura Daimler announced their engagement. He had been playing me for the little fool I was from the start. I was

Please turn to page fifty-one

CROSS-EXAMINING the STARS

Where HOLLYWOOD readers ask the stars pertinent and impertinent questions



RICHARD ARLEN: What is the name of your baby son, and how old is he now?

Richard Ralston Arlen is now five and a half months old. He has just cut his first tooth.

JOAN CRAWFORD: What do you do with your discarded clothing?

Occasionally, I give them to extra girls whom I hear of as being in need and send them to a girls' school I once attended. I also donate them to the local charitable organizations.

GEORGE RAFT: What is your hobby?

I suppose it is white linen handkerchiefs. I

have over two hundred of them—never use colored ones.

SPENCER TRACY: How tall are you and how much do you weigh?

I am five feet, ten and one-half inches and weigh 165 pounds.

JOAN BENNETT: What is your next picture after *Little Women*?

I have temporarily retired from the screen to await the arrival of my baby. My future picture plans are very indefinite, therefore.

MAE WEST: Why do you like to play seductive females and where did the report start that you are twenty-three years of age?

Virtue has its own reward, but has no sale at the box-office. Your second question is a job for a private detective.

CLARA BOW: Will you make any more pictures after *Hoopla*?

Yes, but not at Fox Studios. I am expecting to start to work for Twentieth Century within a few weeks, although a definite story for me has not yet been assigned.

JOAN CRAWFORD: Is it true that you had an operation on your eyes to make them larger?

I readily ban that rumor as malicious, and it certainly hasn't the least semblance of being the truth. Childhood pictures can prove that.

DICK POWELL: Is your private secretary a man or woman?

A man. I'm the secretary.

MAX BAER: Are you really as egotistical as writers make you out to be?

Call it that if you like. I should know better than anyone else just how well I can do a thing. Right?

FRANCES DEE: Will you make a picture with Joel McCrea as was announced by the studio shortly after your marriage?

I have personally requested the studio to change that schedule, and they have. I do not believe it wise for married couples to try to work together from eight to twelve hours a day and then go home together evenings and attempt to enjoy each other's company. It can't be done. And we're taking no chances.

FRANCIS LEDERER: What type of woman do you like best?

I have always preferred women older than myself. A woman who has lived and had experiences has a truer appreciation of life . . . and men.

HELEN VINSON: Are you married? If so, to whom?

Harry Neilson Vickerman, a Philadelphia carpet manufacturer, is my husband.

HELEN TWELVETREES: Is it true you have allowed your hair to go dark?

Well, not exactly dark. It is a very light brown, its own natural color, where before it was nearer platinum.

Grace Bradley is but one of the many screen personalities who will be glad to answer your questions on this page

Write Your Questions on this Coupon

I should like to ask
the following question

My name
Address

Mail this coupon to *The Question Editor*, HOLLYWOOD, 305 Baine Studio Bldg., Hollywood, Calif. It will be impossible to grant personal replies. Questions will be answered only on this page.

Miriam Jordan

offers you

A STUNNING NEW FROCK

WHO BUT THE lusciously lovely Miriam Jordan would be wearing this stunning frock? We told Miss Jordan that this was just about the time of year HOLLYWOOD readers would be anxiously scanning the horizon for a mid-season frock. So she graciously showed us this frock and kindly consented to let us use it for a pattern.

The frock is fashioned of the exciting black wool, shadow-plaided in white angora that the designers are all in a rave about right now.

Another newly smart note is struck in the slightly dropped skirt-line in back.

The accessories Miss Jordan chooses for this frock are a dashing black antelope béret and black antelope shoes.

With the aid of HOLLYWOOD pattern No. 3271, you'll be able to duplicate Miss Jordan's frock. Its simplicity is the key to its smartness and also facilitates its making. In a few short hours you'll be outfitted after the manner of the stars'.

When you order the pattern for Miss Jordan's dress, specify pattern number and designate size. The pattern can be ordered in 14, 16, 18, 20 years or 36, 38, 40-inch bust sizes. The price of the pattern is 15c which you may remit in stamps or coin, coin being preferred.

Next month another famous star will make her dress available to you through HOLLYWOOD's pattern service. Also you'll find many other stunning patterns in our *Winter Fashions Magazine*, regular price of which is 15c, but if it is ordered with Miss Jordan's pattern No. 3271, you may obtain it for 10c. Both for a total of 25c.

Address your orders for pattern and fashions book to HOLLYWOOD Magazine, Pattern Department, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

3271

3271

Miriam Jordan's dress is of black wool, shadow-plaided in white angora. She wears black antelope shoes and a dashing black antelope hat as accessories

HOLLYWOOD PATTERN DEPT.,
529 South Seventh Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosedsend me Miriam Jordan's dress pattern

No. 3271. Size

Name

Street

City State

Patterns 15c each. Fashion Book 15c. When Fashion Book is ordered with one or more patterns price is 10c.



Mae West, in an exclusive interview, reveals how you can obtain the charm and lure that has made her famous!

As told to
MAX FACTOR
famous makeup expert

MAE WEST'S PERSONAL

"I T CAN be had. . . ." Mae West told me with one of those side-sweeping glances. "Call it beauty. Call it glamour. Go after it and you get it!" Hollywood has come to know it as the "Mae West MM-mmm" with plenty of accent on the first M. . . Absolutely devastating, this "MM-mmm"—and twice as effective as "IT," "X" and all the rest.

You see, it's a sort of mesmerism. Complete feminine witchery. And don't think for a minute it's confined to a favored few.

"Eve had it," observed Mae. "And the whole female tribe inherited it—only some of them haven't learned that yet and others just let it dry up. You don't hear about *those* women, let me tell you. It's the Shebas and Helen of Troys—and the Diamond Lils—they talk about. Those girls knew they were Eve's daughters and no mistake! That is all that is necessary. You work up from there. Just get the old common sense in action and have a mirror handy. A full length one because these days it takes more than a face to launch a single ship, let alone a thousand. . . . But the face is as good a place to start with as any and that's where make-up comes in."

That is also where the "MM-mmm" begins!

● I've been cosmetician to the court of Russia and to the court of Hollywood for a total of more than half a century but I have never seen

any woman with greater allure than Miss West. And no small part of it is due to her supreme skill in applying her everyday street make-up! After all, it's your "average" face that stamps you for what you are. Not the "dress-up" face over which you spend hours for special occasions. And Mae presents to the world at all times delicately heightened features with that "softened" look. Not a trace of powder or rouge is discernible. There is no emphatic dark line above the eyes.

That is a mistake frequently made by blondes especially—thinking their eyebrows must be as dark as their eyelashes. It gives them a hard,

brittle look which men despise. But a woman with what we term "softness" in make-up instantly attracts. If she carries out that picture of ravishing femininity in voice and mannerisms as well as looks, you have this "MM-mmm" over which Movie-land is raving.

"If you ask me," said Mae thoughtfully, "it isn't so much S. A. that counts with a girl as C. S.—that little old Common Sense I mentioned. It'll de-bunk this beauty business for her and tell her she's crazy if she thinks her come-hither ends with the eyes, nose and mouth. Or that powder three times lighter than her skin is going to make her fair as a day in

MAE WEST'S BEAUTY HINTS

DON'T use heavy makeup. Not a trace of powder or rouge is discernible in Mae West's makeup which always has that "softened" look. There is no emphatic dark line above the eyes.

Blondes should not make their eyebrows as dark as their eyelashes. It gives them a hard, brittle look which men despise.

A bit of vaseline lightly applied over the eyeshadow helps to give makeup a soft look.

Never permit the lips to become dry or chapped.

In making up strive for a rosy glow that is gently accentuated over the cheekbones. Avoid any sudden spot of red.

In making up, smooth on a foundation cream, flesh colored, until it has entirely disappeared. Dip the fingers in cold water before blending the cream into the skin.

Pat rouge on very carefully with a puff, beginning at the temple and spreading over the cheeks. Blend it on the chin and then deepen it a trifle at the cheek bones. Shade the rouge by lightly patting the edges with the fingertips before patting on the powder.



BEAUTY SECRETS



Mae West, during the day, uses only a little mascara on her eyelashes and just a touch of gray eye-shadow on the lids. Any girl, she says, can have beauty and glamour merely by using common sense and in this exclusive interview she tells how

May. It's more likely to make her a Hallowe'en goblin! Make-up ought to look as if it were Nature's own bloom upon you. Right, Mr. Factor?"

Right, I agreed. And doubly right about your own use of cosmetics, Mae West!

● Here is what she does: During the day she uses only a little eyelash makeup on her eyelashes and just a touch of gray eye-shadow on the lids. A bit of vaseline lightly applied over the shadow helps to give that soft look I spoke about and Mae never permits her lips to become dry or chapped. A lovely mouth, she has. Not a modern 1933 mouth, however, like—say—Joan Crawford. Mae's is more the old-

fashioned, provocative curved kind.

One thing you notice immediately is that her whole face has a rosy glow that is gently accentuated over the cheek bones. There is no sudden spot of red; she knows far better than that. If you have light hair and a pale or sallow complexion it would be wise to try this beautiful diffusion of color. It is natural with Mae but you can simulate it.

First, through foundation cream, flesh colored, and smooth it on until it has entirely disappeared. There is nothing that gives such an even color and life to the face if it's rightly put on. A tiny amount no bigger than the size of a pea, placed on the forehead, Please turn to page sixty-two

FOR ABSOLUTE SAFETY

in darkening your lashes use genuine, harmless

Maybelline



NON-SMARTING, tear-proof Maybelline is *NOT* a DYE, but a pure and highly refined mascara for instantly darkening and beautifying the eyelashes.

For over sixteen years millions of women have used Maybelline mascara with perfect safety and most gratifying results.

Pale scanty lashes are instantly transformed into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe with Maybelline mascara—by far the largest selling eyelash darkener.

Have lovely lashes safely and simply with Maybelline mascara. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes. 75¢.



SOLD BY REPUTABLE TOILET GOODS DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

That Ropin' Rogers Kid

Continued from page thirty-six

one of the outstanding features of the Texas Jack Wild West Show.

HE TOURED SOUTH AFRICA and Australia with that aggregation, being billed as "The Cherokee Kid" (Rogers always has been proud of his Indian blood). Later he was featured for eight months with the Wirth Bros. Circus in Australia.

Following this engagement, he returned to the United States, via San Francisco, in time to participate in the Wild West Show held at the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1904.

One of his first vaudeville appearances was at Hammerstein's Victoria, at the "corner," 7th Ave. and 42nd St.

His act consisted in making fancy catches on a horse ridden by a cowboy, as well as doing fancy and trick spinning. He was allotted the position, dreaded by most vaudeville acts, that of "closing the show," the last act on the program.

Rogers used a nifty bay pony, called "Teddy," in honor of the friend of all cowpunchers—Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Buck McKee from Pawnee, Okla., was the cowpuncher who rode the horse for Will's roping.

UPON HIS OPENING at Hammersteins, the men who booked him were in attendance to see how his act would go. They had prepared an opening speech, together with other announcements regarding his tricks, that in their opinion would be best for Will to use in presenting his offering.

Instead of their carefully prepared material, they were amazed to hear him start the opening of his act with: "Ladies an' Gentlemen—A'm goin' to give yuh all a practical demonstration of the use of the 'rope'—er lasso as they call it back in this country. The first little stunt I'll spring on yuh is a tolerable fair 'un if I make'er." And with that he let out a yell and roped Teddy by all four legs as Buck galloped him across the stage.

Later on in the act, while trying to jump in and out of the rope loop and being bent over "jumping the spoke" as the trick is called, he missed it several times. Non-plussed he took a wad of chewing gum from his mouth and walking over to the side of the stage, where stood the easel holding the card which bore the inscription, WILL ROGERS, he placed the gum as a dot over the letter "i" in Will. He then went back and accomplished the trick, remarking as he retrieved the gum from the sign, "I thought I was acarryin' too much ballast."

To the blasé theatregoers of the larger cities, who prided themselves on the assertion that they had "seen everything," the expert lariat work of Rogers was a distinct novelty and his droll announcements anent his work and the caustic "wise cracks" pertaining to everybody and everything were a hit.

FROM 1905 UNTIL 1911, Rogers together with Buck McKee and Teddy appeared continuously in the leading vaudeville theatres of the United States and Canada as well as the leading music halls of Great Britain and Continental Europe. At different times he was booked to "strengthen" burlesque shows, which at that time were in their heyday in the United States.

While playing at the Wintergarden, in Berlin, along in 1907, he saddled up Teddy one morning and went for a ride in the Tierpark. While riding along the bridle path, a party of horsemen, attired in modish riding outfits, cantered by. Struck by the excellent horseflesh, one horse in particular, Rogers spurred Teddy alongside the rider.

"I'd shore like to beat yuh outa that horse! What do yuh hold 'im at?" asked Rogers.

The rider smiled and asked Will what sort of a horse he was riding, asked about the stock saddle and where he came from.

Will explained that he did not speak any of the foreign lingos, told about his Continental vaudeville engagements and wound up by inviting the gentleman to come down to the Wintergarden any time during his engagement and see the act, saying: "Come 'round to the stage door an' jest ask for me an' I'll fix it so yuh all can come back on the stage."

SOME DAYS LATER he received a highly embossed letter, printed in German. Not being able to read it, he asked Willie Panzer (of the internationally known Willie Panzer Troupe, German gymnasts, headliners of the old Keith & Proctor days) to read the communication for him.

Panzer informed him that it was a royal command to appear before the Kaiser at Potsdam to do his roping act at a garden party on a certain day.

"I'm an American citizen an' there ain't nobody on this side of the bubble got any right to command me to do anything," retorted Rogers.

Panzer explained that a royal command was an honor and that only acts of outstanding merit received such requests.

Rogers, Buck and Teddy attended the garden party and was the last act on the program. The show was given on the lawn and at its conclusion Rogers, to-

gether with other performers was taken over to a group seated at one side of the lawn to be presented to the royal party.

When it came Will's turn, Rogers started forward impulsively and, grasping the surprised monarch's hand, exclaimed, "Well, what do yuh know 'bout that. I didn't know yuh all was the King when I was atalkin' to yuh in the park the other day."

Before leaving Germany, Rogers was the recipient of a jewelled watch charm, in the form of a horse's head studded with diamonds and with ruby eyes—a gift from Emperor William.

IN 1912 WILL was engaged to do his roping act, without his horse in a play called *A Wall Street Girl*, starring Miss Blanche Ring, on Broadway.

Upon his opening performance with this troupe he received quite a reception. "I can imagine yuh all payin' fifty cents to see me in vaudeville but I didn't think yuh all'd cough up two bucks to see me on Broadway," was his opening speech, which was a howl. The next howl came from Ring's husband, who was manager of the show. He came back stage and told Rogers that the speech was out.

Will replied that personally he thought the speech was the best lines in the show and that if he was to remain with the troupe that the speech stayed in.

Rogers remained with the show.

During this engagement his timely talk went like wildfire and he realized for the first time that his monolog was really appreciated by the audiences more than his "rope" work, the technical points of which many did not understand.

In the years that followed he steadily progressed to the top in vaudeville and on the New York and English stages.

When the talkies came in he proved an immediate hit in the new medium.

Rogers likes to play polo and plays a fast game. He is a great cowboy contest fan and still continues to keep his hand in at trick roping. Those who know the technical points of the game, and who have witnessed him "turn on" of late, claim that there is not a better fancy roper in the world than Will Rogers.



—Anthony Burke

The stars are flocking to Palm Springs these days and you'll find many of them at the El Mirador Hotel, one of the most popular hostelryes at the famous desert resort. The El Mirador is noted for its crystal swimming pool

Art is the Bunk!

Continued from page twenty-three

and we came to California for his health. Like most Middle-Westerners, he had a farm 'hang-over,' so we settled on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, across the hills from Hollywood. I went to public school in Van Nuys for a couple of years."

Her movie career, it develops, was purely accidental. She'd expected to be a dancer, and commuted into Hollywood for dancing lessons.

"At thirteen I was ready to take up singing, too. One evening mother and I went to discuss a suitable instructor with a friend of a friend of mother's. The woman happened to be a voice coach at Fox. She said I had picture possibilities and arranged a test which resulted in a contract.

FRANK BORZAGE noticed the retiring, immature Rochelle and finally made an elaborate test of her.

"It failed to startle the executives and my contract was allowed to lapse. However, Frank took it to Radio and they immediately signed me. I was so naïve I didn't even know what Radio was, much less where their studio was!"

At Radio she was promptly enrolled in the studio high school and in no time became the pet of the publicity department. They used her in all kinds of advertising tie-ups. "I should have been on the publicity payroll. Occasionally I got some acting to do!" The lead in *Are These Our Children?* was a break, but afterwards they again forgot her.

Wampas stardom and periodical bally-hooing did not result in the necessary building rôles. Lowell Sherman got her into *She Done Him Wrong* as her final month's work on the Radio deal.

"Of course, no one recollects anyone in that but Mae West. Then, I did an independent and rejoiced at the call for *Doctor Bull*.

"My last assignment, playing Will Roger's daughter in *Mr. Skitch*, was the first straight ingénue part I've ever had! My film men usually betray me. Next Warner Baxter is to provoke me to suicide."

She has no girl friends. "I had one once, but we quarreled over a boy." The Hudson apartment, where her mother presides gracefully, is apt to be crowded with gentlemen admirers. Rochelle prefers men of thirty-five. The younger lads, in her estimation, are shy on conversation. You can guess she falls in and out of love with rapidity.

"I'm not foolish," she amplified in a profound moment. "I intend to make as much money as I can, and then quit and marry." She mused. "I always wished I had an older brother. Since I've been an actress I have encountered a number of men who claim they'd adore being 'just a brother' to me. Ummm—but would mother spank. And how!

Now, now, Rochelle, go on with your blarney. Four years of waiting for a chance to earn your salary may have opened your eyes to the fact that stardom's no bed of roses, and to the folly of taking movie glory too much to heart. But you don't know from nothin'? That colorful personality you've adopted is going to carry you far, child. You're dumb—like a fox!

FEBRUARY, 1934



Ends pimples, blackheads *with famous medicated cream*

DON'T let a poor complexion spoil your romance. Don't permit coarse pores, blackheads, stubborn blemishes to rob you of your natural loveliness. Rid yourself of these distressing faults. But not with ordinary complexion creams. They cleanse only the surface.

Try the treatment that doctors prescribe and nurses use themselves. Already 6,000,000 women know this perfect

way to a perfect complexion . . . Noxzema, the famous snow-white medicated cream that works beauty "miracles".

Not a salve. Snow-white—greaseless, instantly absorbed. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the affected pores. Purges them of germ-breeding impurities that cause skin blemishes. Soothes irritated skin. Refines coarse pores. Helps stimulate lagging skin glands. Noxzema's first application leaves your skin far clearer, finer, smoother than before.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

Special Trial Offer

Noxzema Cream is sold by all drug and department stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send 10c to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 62, Baltimore, Md., and you will receive a very generous trial jar—enough for a 10 day treatment!



Wonderful for Chapped Hands, too



Improve them overnight
with this famous cream

10,000,000 jars sold yearly

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on *one* hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that* hand is! Noxzema improves hands overnight.

Noxzema



● Maiden's prayer — matron's prayer, too, for that matter: "To have and to hold a soft, smooth skin."

Day in and day out—you *must* protect your skin against blemishes and ageing. And day in and day out, Campana's Italian Balm will *guarantee* you skin beauty that men will adore and women will envy.

This famous, *original* skin softener conquers chapping and roughness *more quickly* than anything you have ever used before. Perfectly *safe*, too. No caustic bleaches, no drying astringents. Here is a scientific blend of 16 ingredients—a formula invented by an internationally known, Italian dermatologist—that will keep your skin satiny smooth regardless of the weather or the tasks your hands must do.

Italian Balm spreads widely—lasts long. Every package—35c, 60c and \$1.00 bottle, and 25c tube—bears the Good Housekeeping seal of approval.



Campana's

ITALIAN
BALM

THE ORIGINAL
SKIN SOFTENER

Now also in
tubes, 25¢



Free CAMPANA SALES CO.,
2821 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois.
Gentlemen: Please send me VANITY SIZE bottle
of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd.,
FG-2 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario

Going to the Movies in Tahiti

Continued from page twenty-five

is seeking; over the right ear, that he or she has found.

Somebody across the aisle starts strumming a guitar. In thirty seconds the entire audience has burst into song. I recognize the piece. It's one which I could never get any native to translate for me in its entirety—a risqué episode revolving around the escapades of a *vahine tinito*, or Chinese woman. It must be good, to judge from the spontaneous laughter which always follows it.

Something strikes me sharply back of the ear. Thoughts of wild bees are dispelled when I turn around and discover that it's a watermelon seed expectorated by a grinning young imp a couple of rows back. Nowhere can you find more magnificent spitters than in Tahiti. They have volume, speed, control, everything—including a genuine interest in the art.

That dark opening near the wall over there, above which you expect to see a red EXIT sign, proves to be the oral cavity of a laughing native.

THE PICTURE BEGINS. It's a talkie. Unfortunately, the natives know very little English, but they have a pleasant solution for the difficulty. The guitar orchestra starts in energetically, and with the aid of a little whole-hearted banging on tin cans—always in tune with the intricate native rhythms—the obnoxious dialogue is completely drowned in a flood of Tahitian music.

For a few minutes everything goes disappointingly well, and then, without warning, the screen goes white. The big moment has arrived. While the ancient celluloid is patched together, the whole audience pitches in and sings. A few, inspired by the music, stand up and wriggle into a hula dance while everyone beats time. It's about time for us to take a swig of that cocoanut water.

When the picture begins again everyone is well warmed up. Maybe there's been a little native beer passed around. This is a concoction brewed from wild oranges and fermented honey, and the effect is just about the same as thumbing your nose at Primo Carnera.

The story has advanced to the stage where that good old piece of movie technique, the chase, unrolls before our eyes. The villain still pursues her, and how! The audience forgets to suck its oranges while it gets up on its hind feet and howls. The execrations poured down on the villain must make the heavy's ears burn back in Hollywood. And, *my dear*, the things they say!

If the film is old enough to break down a dozen times during the evening—as it invariably is—the natives will count the show a well-spent beginning of a night's entertainment which will not end until dawn, tapering off under a glamorous moon to the accompaniment of guitars, soft voices, and dancing in the streets.

There's no such thing as star appeal to a native audience. They get right down to story fundamentals. Garbos and Crawfords and Chattertons mean nothing to Tahiti. As for Mae West, she could learn things from a Papeete hula

girl instead of teaching her. Mae must have had her tender years, but in Tahiti they start torso-twisting at the age of two. And I maintain that when, after spending a few weeks in Tahiti, you come home and find Mae's performance in *She Done Him Wrong* pallid and anemic, the island has done something to you!

IT'S DONE THINGS to a lot of people. It killed Murnau. He died in an auto accident at San Francisco, returning from Tahiti with *Tabu*. But it was really the *tupapahous* who caught up with him.

"Tupapahous—very bad," said Louis, the native from whom I rented my cottage on the beach. He shook his head soberly. "Murnau, he great man. But he no believe in tupapahous. He make pictures of tabu, but himself, he really not believe. What happen? You see? Gods ver' angry. Follow him. You think auto kill him—jus' bad luck? No. Tupapahous steer that auto. If Murnau know things like natives, he not do things he did, be alive now."

We were walking along the broom road, lined with palms. From the warmth of the tropic sun we passed abruptly into a strata of cool air, chill almost, though the sun still beat down overhead. Louis shivered and hurried through it.

"Bad gods," he muttered. "They not like my talk."

And I wondered if there were not truth in his beliefs. That cool spot in the road was physically real. Perhaps it was Louis' imagination which transformed it into the wraith-like vestment of a *tupapahou*. I don't know. But perhaps Murnau knows, now.

Murnau's house still stands, a show-place of the islands—yet almost impossible to rent. People come to visit it, are impressed by its somber magnificence, but shrink from the insufferable feeling of gloom and oppression which enshrouds it. In the sibilance of the rustling palm leaves, the checkered pattern of their shade, is something threatening to those who would live here where Murnau lived.

In the huge dining room stands a table symbolical of the place. It is a vast oval table, large enough for forty people to dine around it. In its center stands a gigantic lamp with a conical shade which spreads out over the table like a canopy. Instead of legs, the table top rests upon four stone gods, carved by ancient Polynesians, which have been the idols in savage rites of by-gone days and have known the ghoulis satisfaction of human sacrifice. They sit there impassive, waiting, perhaps, for other Murnaus who may never come.

But a few miles down the broom road descendants of the men who carved them suck oranges and spit watermelon seeds in Papeete's movie theatre. Perhaps the magic of a reel of celluloid has robbed the *tupapahous* of their vindictiveness. Douglas Fairbanks apparently has escaped their wrath, despite his absurd and much-publicized statement that you can live in Tahiti on six cents a day.

But has he? Perhaps, above the shattered hearthstones of Pickfair, the *tupapahous* are having the last laugh!

HOLLYWOOD

Confessions of a Movie Play-Girl

Continued from page forty-three

furious, but there was nothing I could do, for I hadn't obtained my final decree from my husband. I knew, of course, that Daimler had exerted all her influence with the studio against me, and I knew that people were laughing at me. Too late, I began to wish that I had taken the advice of my dramatic coach.

"I KEPT MY EXPENSIVE apartment until I was ordered to move by the manager, who was kind enough, however, not to attach my clothes.

"I found a court bungalow, borrowed enough money to pay the first month's rent and vowed that I would have the laugh on Hollywood before I was through.

"A newcomer who has been given a studio contract and then released after one bad picture is apt to find Hollywood an unfriendly place. I did. I haunted the casting offices and hounded everyone I had met, but couldn't find work.

"Piece by piece, I pawned my clothes to pay the grocer. Once I was so desperate that I actually lived for three days on milk that I stole, early in the morning, from the neighbor's porch.

"I was ready to cry quits and wire to my parents for railroad fare when I met a young assistant director whom I had known at the studio. He loaned me enough money to get most of my clothes out of pawn, and talked his brother, a director for Warner Brothers, into giving me an unimportant bit which paid me \$250 and gave me a new lease on life.

"You might suppose that I had learned my lesson by then. But, with a few dollars in hand and a few good clothes to wear, I immediately started out to burn the candle at both ends. It's part of my nature, I guess, to be a party-addict.

"I MADE A FRANTIC effort to 'be seen' by the powers-that-be in Hollywood. I spent every penny that I could lay my hands on for clothes. I lunched every day in the Brown Derby and other movie colony cafés. All the gossip writers began calling me a play-girl. I had 'affairs' with several studio 'big-shots' and they managed to keep me employed—always in minor rôles—pretty steadily.

"Men are all alike in one respect. They are intrigued by a girl who has a romantic reputation. I've capitalized on that—and I'm not at all ashamed of the way that I've used men to keep afloat in Hollywood. I couldn't do anything else, for after my first year here, I had absolutely no chance to win real success on my own merits as an actress. Once this town forms an opinion, nothing can change it—and I was through as a potential star when my first contract was broken and the gossip writers started making cracks about my affair with Stanley Feldman.

"I've used men—and I've given them very little in return for the presents and the jobs they've given to me. I've been able to dress well and live luxuriously. In a way, I've had a grand time.

"In another way, I've been miserable. To be really happy, a person has to be accomplishing something. I've never accomplished anything!"

FEBRUARY, 1934

Hundreds Have Already Won Big Cash Rewards

WE WON

\$22,910.00

ANNA JACOBSON,
LA. \$5,000.00

D. BEEMER,
MICH. \$4,740.00

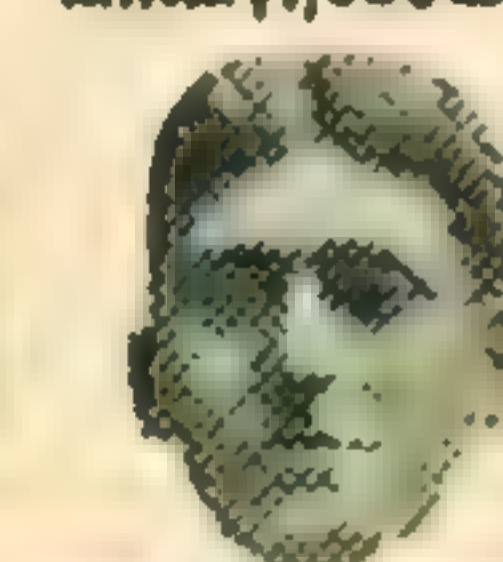
MRS. H. NEEDHAM,
ORE. \$4,705.00

I. MYSTROM,
ORE. \$3,700.00

HELEN SHICK,
PA. \$2,565.00

J. D. CASHNER,
MO. \$1,200.00

L. SNOWBANK,
MINN. \$1,000.00



Now—100 MORE Cash Prizes Being Given Away

Would YOU 100 Like to

WIN \$2,500.00

or Buick & \$1,000.00

\$5000.00 in Cash Prizes

DO you want money? — a small fortune? — \$2,500.00 in real cash? Here's your opportunity! And not one cent of your money is required now or ever to win. This is our sensational new way to advertise. We want people everywhere talking about our company quick. So we are actually giving away thousands of dollars — real fortunes — 100 cash prizes totaling over \$5,000.00 — besides thousands of dollars in EXTRA cash rewards. Everybody may share in these big cash rewards. Why not you? Wouldn't you, too, like to win a Buick and \$1,000.00, (or \$2,500.00 all Cash)?



Can YOU Find 4 Dogs in Picture at Right?

Some are upside down. Some side-wise. Can you find 4 dogs? Mark the dogs you find, clip picture and mail quick — or write on penny postcard how many dogs you find. Many have already won thousands of dollars in other advertising campaigns conducted by men in this big company. Above are pictures of a few. Now comes your chance. Maybe this great opportunity sounds like a dream to you — but I'll be happy to send you \$2,500.00 all cash or Buick Sedan and \$1,000.00 the minute you win it. Rush your reply.

Not One Penny of Your Money Needed

All these thousands of dollars in prizes are being given outright to winners. You don't need to put in a penny of your money now or ever to buy anything. This is not a lottery — no luck or skill needed — nothing to write. Imagine the joy of receiving a letter from me with \$2,500.00 in it! Oh, boy, what a thrill! Hurry — get started quick by finding 4 dogs.

\$10,000.00 REWARD

We will pay \$10,000.00 cash forfeit to any worthy charity if anyone can prove that we do not really give away all these thousands of dollars in cash prizes — or that all the money to pay these prizes is not now deposited in the bank waiting for the happy winners — or that we do not fulfill every guarantee we make.

You Are SURE to Win a Cash Reward If You Do As I Ask

I don't care how many people are rewarded. The more the merrier! You are GUARANTEED to win a cash reward if you take an active part. But I want quick advertising — quick action. First active, first rewarded! So hurry. Think of all the happiness \$2,500.00 can bring you! A new start in life. Pay bills. Marriage. Education. Travel. New clothes. New furniture and other things you long for.

All Prize Money Now In Bank

All the thousands of dollars to pay every single prize winner is now deposited in a big, strong bank in Des Moines. We are a big, reliable firm. I invite you to look us up through any credit agency, any bank in Des Moines, any business house, railroad, express company, magazine, newspaper. We are well known national advertisers.

\$1000.00 EXTRA for Promptness

Promptness pays! So hurry! I will pay \$1,000.00 EXTRA to First Prize winner just for being prompt — a Buick and \$1,000.00 (or \$2,500.00 if all cash is preferred). Do you want it? Act NOW! Not only one person, but hundreds will win cash rewards. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be given.

RUSH COUPON

Many who won prizes in other campaigns like this thought they didn't have a chance. Imagine their surprise when they won! Mark dogs you find, clip picture and mail quick with coupon below — or write on a penny postcard how many dogs you find. Don't send a cent. For replying I will tell you how you may also share in thousands of dollars in EXTRA cash rewards and win \$2,500.00 too. Nothing for you to lose — everything to gain. Answer NOW! Tell me which you desire to win — \$2,500.00 all cash or Buick Sedan and \$1,000.00.

MERROLD JOHNSON, Prize Mgr.
Dept. 3521, Des Moines, Iowa

MAIL THIS NOW

MERROLD JOHNSON, Prize Manager,
Dept. 3521, Des Moines, Iowa.

I have found 4 hunting dogs in picture which I am enclosing, and I am anxious to win.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(Mark which you would prefer to win)

☐ Buick & \$1000.00 or ☐ \$2500.00 Cash

"I can't do a *thing*
with my hair"



Oh Yes
YOU CAN!



IN two seconds you can change that untidy disorderly hair to a smooth, trim, well-arranged coiffure. How? Just by using HOLD-BOBS.

But don't confuse HOLD-BOBS with ordinary bob pins that fall out as soon as you put them in. HOLD-BOBS stay! They hold each lock, or wave exactly as you want them. They never scratch your scalp or pull your hair—

Because only HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads, non-scratching ends, and flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped to hold every lock of hair securely. Insist on HOLD-BOBS always.

Made only by

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

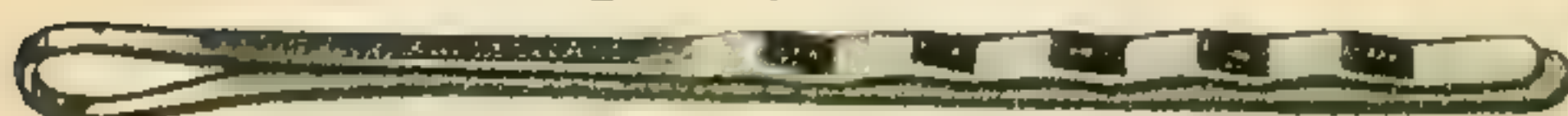
Sol H. Goldberg, Pres.

1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. F-24, Chicago, Ill.

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.

St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Straight Style HOLD-BOB



SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS

Curved Shape Style



Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere . . . made in all sizes to meet every requirement. Also sold under these brand names: BOB-ETTES, CLIP-PER-ETTES and LOX-THE-LOCKS.

MAIL COUPON for Gift CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. F-24, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free sample card of HOLD-BOBS and the new booklet "The Quest for Beauty."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Blonde ☐ Gray ☐ Brunette ☐ Gold

Copyright 1934 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

YOU CAN'T BEAT A GIRL LIKE THAT!



An intimate portrait
of Margaret Sullavan

by LEE WARWICK

"IF You Don't believe in yourself, nobody else will." That's in the copybooks, but Margaret Sullavan never cared much about copybooks. Oh, she never ran around telling people she was a flop, or shouting from the housetops that she was a ham actress, or anything morbid like that, but whenever the hand clapping that came to her as one of the stage's brightest ingénues seemed louder than usual, she would march herself off in a corner and give herself a talking-to.

"Peggy Sullavan," she would say, "those people out there in the audience like you; they think you're good, but you're really not anywhere near as good as they think you are. You've got a lot—an awful lot—to learn. You've got a long road to travel. And you can't get where you want to go riding on a wave of applause."

Margaret Sullavan wasn't looking for fame, you see. To her fame was a mere by-product of success, and success meant something more than pleasing the public, something infinitely harder—it meant pleasing Margaret Sullavan.

The twenty-two-year-old Virginia girl whose screen début in *Only Yesterday* brought America to her feet has always been her own severest critic, her hardest taskmaster. Her clear grey eyes notice every flaw in her work, and it is very doubtful if she will ever be entirely satisfied with what she does. She will always find something that needs improving, and will move heaven and earth to improve it. You can bet your bottom dollar she will stay at the top of the ladder for a long time, and while the cheers for each succeeding film triumph are ringing in her ears, she will take herself aside and say, very firmly, "Don't let 'em kid you, Peggy. You've still got a lot to learn."

That's the kind of a girl she is, and you can't beat that philosophy. It is the philosophy of real success—earned success, and earned success is something that is not too common in this world of tinsel and ballyhoo.

If it hadn't been Margaret Sullavan she

was most anxious to satisfy, she would have jumped at her first chance for a film career. But as it was she didn't. The screen was something out of her line in a way. It was a new technique, and she was convinced that she was not cut out for work before a camera.

● So after her success in *The Modern Virgin*, the play that really first got her talked about in important circles, she turned down movie offers and went, instead, into *If Love Were All* and *Happy Landings*. Again she was offered contracts in Hollywood, and again she shook her brown head.

"I wouldn't be any good on the screen. I know it." And that was that. She went to work with a stock company in Baltimore. Imagine that! The toast of Broadway going into stock! Was she crazy? No. She was Margaret Sullavan, and she knew she still had a lot to learn.

Later she came back in *Chrysalis*, then played in *Bad Manners* with Bert Lytell, and, finally, in *Dinner at Eight*. Hollywood still wanted her, and she decided to take a chance—to do one picture, and if she found she was right, that she was not suited to the screen, she would wash her hands of Hollywood forever.

So she went to Universal City and made *Only Yesterday*. And when it was over she fled to New York. She felt that she had signally failed. When Universal executives raved about her work previous to the picture's release she was unmoved. She believed their enthusiasm was only flattery, and flattery was something she detested.

But when the returns came in—when sound critical opinion rated *Only Yesterday* as one of the best pictures ever made, and the public acclaimed her as a queen of the screen—Margaret was convinced—not that she was a success, but that she had possibilities! So she will go on, and make more pictures, and try her darndest to please Margaret Sullavan, which is so much harder than pleasing anybody else.

HOLLYWOOD

Can a Woman Love Two Men at the Same Time?

Continued from page forty-one

mendously absorbed with my career, I felt a distinct feeling of loneliness. There were those who wondered how I could possibly feel lonely living such a busy life. Yet it was not complete.

I adopted my infant son Michael, who gives me no end of happy hours after I have finished at the studio. Yet, I feel qualified to say, all of these things do not fill the sustaining rôle of a man's love in a woman's life.

If for a time I should find myself wavering between two masculine admirers of equal charm, it would be a question of time when by an interesting process of elimination I would be able to decide which one I preferred. To complete ourselves women need to be equalled in strength and power of will.

THERE ARE MOMENTS when I feel as though I were getting a panoramic view of the ever-shifting love-life of Hollywood. In fact the newspapers of today in almost any city, tell us of the lovers of yesterday, clamoring wildly for their freedom today.

The wisdom I have garnered from practical observation of my friends and others, leads me to believe that divorce is not always the cure for those of our roaming Romeos and Juliets who are still gifted with an unholy curiosity for the opposite sex.

Surely a woman should feel free to have men acquaintances as well as women. However, I do not mean the promiscuous sort of friendship with her husband's or sweetheart's best friend.

True it is that divorce is no longer a disgrace and busted skulls are out of date. But danger lies in the fact that the issue presents itself as an adventure—a peek beyond. The old idea that the grass on the other side of the fence is always the greenest.

After divorce these same people find themselves in a duplicate situation where similar problems arise.

In marriage there should be the greatest consideration for one another. I have often thought that if married people extended the same courtesy to one another that they do to their weekend house guests, they would be delighted to see how well it would work out.

The often quoted expression "Love is sacrifice" is only partly true, but sacrifice seems to be an essential ingredient in the magic alchemy of love.

What does it matter to a woman if she sacrifices many of the material luxuries of life, if she is happy in love?

For a woman I sincerely believe real love strikes much deeper than an enthusiastic emotion nurtured by flattery and many men.

Tommy's Coming Back

THOMAS MEIGHAN, who once rated a fan following as large as that of any other male star, has returned to Hollywood to consider screen offers. Tommy still is a rich man, but he is tiring of idleness—and golf. He says he'll be content with featured rôles in the future.

FEBRUARY, 1934

HELP KIDNEYS

*.. don't
take drastic
drugs*



Good Kidney Action Purifies Your Blood—Often Removes the Real Cause of Getting Up Nights, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains—Quiets Jumpy Nerves and Makes You Feel 10 Years Younger.

A FAMOUS scientist and Kidney Specialist recently said: "60 per cent of men and women past 35, and many far younger, suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic pain and other troubles."

If poor Kidney and Bladder func-



Dr. N. T. Abdou

New York Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance Dr. N. T. Abdou, New York, Licensed Physician and author of Medicine and Commerce, recently wrote the following letter:

"It has been my pleasure to make a study of the Cystex formula. This prescription impresses me as a sound combination of ingredients which should be of benefit to men and women troubled with night rising, putrefaction of the urine, aching back in the kidney region, painful joints or stiffness—due to insufficient activity of the kidneys or bladder. Such functional conditions often lead to indigestion, headaches, high blood pressure, rheumatic pains, lumbago and general exhaustion—and the use of Cystex in such cases should exert a very favorable influence. Within 15 minutes after taking Cystex the color of the urine is changed and the irritating excretions expelled."—Signed, N. T. Abdou, M.D.

scription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It starts work in 15 minutes, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore, irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost worldwide success the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.

Cystex
[Say Siss-Tex]

**It's
Guaranteed**



A NEW DRESS



Ann Harding and
Clive Brook in
GALLANT LADY

At Last! A magazine that catches the flaming vibrancy of your favorite movie stars and tells the stories of their current plays. Printed in sleek rotogravure throughout, this issue will thrill your emotions and imagination with beautiful illustrations and cleverly written stories.

See and read about your favorite movie stars as they appear during the actual filming of the story.

FEBRUARY

Romantic MOVIE STORIES

Ann Harding is indeed a *GALLANT LADY* in her newest film release—her usual loveable self, she will leap from the pages into your heart—you will feel her stirring emotions as *Romantic Movie Stories* unfolds her latest hit.

Other vivid portrayals of screen plays:

MANDALAY—featuring Kay Francis

SHADOWS OF SING SING—
with Bruce Cabot and Mary Brian

EIGHT GIRLS—with Dorothy Wilson, Kay Johnson and Douglas Montgomery

MADAME SPY—featuring Fay Wray and Nils Asther

GET YOUR COPY TODAY

● If your newsdealer is sold out, send 15c (in stamps or coin) to ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, 529 S. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn., and a copy of the February issue will be mailed to you.



15c

Why George Raft Will Never Marry!

Continued from page fifteen

CAN SUCH A sensitive man escape love indefinitely? Can he keep his heart closed to true and lasting love—love such as his intense Latin nature is capable of giving and assimilating? How can he be so sure he will never succumb to that?

"I have met some fine women," he replied, "and I haven't fallen yet. Probably I won't," he added, with a typical Raftian smile, "because I'm not a woman hater. I don't shut myself off from companionship and make up a lot of cynical tripe to prove to myself I don't like them. I start by admitting I do. There is a world of difference, though, between an occasional charming companion and a charming companion occasionally. The latter," he warned me solemnly, "too often leads to the altar."

"You pronounce that just like it was a jail sentence," I said.

"Well, the only difference is a letter or two. In one case you get a keeper—in the other you get to keep 'er."

"Surely, you would want to keep her!"

"Seriously, I must admit I would. My heritage rebels against taking marriage lightly. Divorce is tragic but a lifetime is awfully long. I'm satisfied now. Why should I take the chance?"

"I KNOW My attitude must sound funny in this marriage-mad town," he volunteered. "The truth is, things I've seen here are partly responsible. Look around you! Marriages in Hollywood blossom in the afternoon and fold up like Arabs' tents before next morning. Honestly, I'm afraid of it."

"Still, some marriages do last here," I reminded him.

"If marriage meant more to me I wouldn't mind taking the chance—and making it work out, too," George said slowly. His eyes met mine evenly. Again I had the feeling that he has faced and analyzed himself as fearlessly as he has faced life. "I won't deny that I have thought a lot about marriage. But I have taken a good many things into consideration and I believe I'm best off as I am."

"For instance, I am not awfully hard to get along with. There are times, though, when I really want to be alone. I don't want to feel that someone is wondering what I'm mad about or what's wrong with me. I like that same feeling of freedom about the way I can leave things any place I like in my apartment. If I want to go out on a date, I want to go without having to account for myself, and if I don't want to go out I don't want some woman looking at me and making me feel guilty just because she wants to go."

Many thoughts lay smouldering behind his inscrutable brown eyes. I knew he has a son, by an early marriage, of whom he is passionately fond. Perhaps he did weigh many things when he came to his decision—and did not tell me all his reasons.

I can not ever know for sure. All that I am certain of is, some woman will become a happy wife if George Raft ever weakens in his decision!

HOLLYWOOD

As the Earth Turns

Continued from page thirty-seven

she peopled her own private garden with history's most romantic figures.

Then as she grew into young womanhood the old habit stuck.

Curiously, she felt absolutely alone and utterly devoid of the petty affectations characteristic of the ultra-modern young girls her age. It was no use . . . she could not enter into the synthetic art of forcing herself to be interesting to people she really did not care for.

Jean's lack of girlhood popularity is a wound I believe, that even yet has not completely healed.

With several years' study of French to her credit she turned her back on America and went to Paris, intending to take her degree at the Conservatoire as a teacher. But that was not to be.

Sudden illness in her family called her home. As fate would have it, on the same boat were John Drinkwater and his English company of *Bird in Hand*. They liked Jean's accent and her personality. It was arranged that she would tour the country in a featured rôle of the road company of the same play.

At last Jean felt she had found herself . . . the thing she was destined to do. Experience in stock companies in the middle-west finally led to New York and Broadway. She appeared in *The Truth Game*, *Peter Ibbetson* and *Melo* when suddenly there came one of those deadening lulls.

Jean had quit a secure \$50 a week job as understudy for six characters in the New York play *Dinner At Eight* in order to gamble on a new play, *Saint Wench*. This play, she hoped, would really establish her as a sterling dramatic actress. Unfortunately, it ran only a week.

It was a terrible season on the New York stage. Famous actors with thirty years of excellent performances were idle. Little wonder that Jean could find no job.

She had been smart enough to save some money . . . not much . . . but she resolved to make it last. She made a brave decision. She would live in New York on \$6 a week. It took not a little of her Joan of Arc spirit to live on so meagre a sum for three long months. Four dollars had to be paid for room rent. She lived on just one meal a day, and Jean is a healthy young woman.

To help her out financially Warners offered her work at their Brooklyn studio where shorts are made. The first two days Jean went out there, grateful for work, she fainted on the set from weakness, due to her self-enforced starvation diet.

However, Warner Brothers believed in her talent and ability. The studio signed her to a long term contract as one of its featured players, and sent her on a seventeen-day boat through the Panama Canal to build up her health.

And so, Joan of Arc came to Hollywood. Not in a flurry of great excitement and fame, but as an eager child with great faith in herself and her work and an indomitable spirit to win.

Her home is the studio. Even when she is not scheduled for work, you will find Jean on the set, sitting quietly, watching, studying, absorbing. She has a definite purpose, and that purpose is to become not only a featured player . . . but a great star.

FEBRUARY, 1934



FOR YEARS TO COME

Her Hair Will Be Radiantly Youthfully Beautiful

MARCHAND'S RESTORES and PROTECTS LOVELY LIGHT HAIR

No longer does she fear her hair will darken or fade. She has been thru all that. Now she KNOWS her hair will be lustrous and lovely for many happy, exciting years ahead—Thanks to Marchand's.

If your blonde hair has darkened or faded, don't worry or wonder about what to do (or don't experiment). Get the product thousands of blondes have found to be the most reliable, to produce the most skillful results. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Marchand's will make your hair an even, light shade, becoming to you. Try a single "secret" treatment to see for yourself. Marchand's

works in a conservative REFINED way. You can control the effect—lightening hair just the tiniest shade. No one else need know—it will be your "secret." New hair growing in can be matched. Hair that has always been dark can also be beautified if lightened with Marchand's. Not a dye. Complete directions on bottle makes it simple to do yourself.

IMPORTANT—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations.

Ask Your Druggist or Get by Mail

For a regular size bottle; fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins; money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.



Dept. 2-A

Your Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

Druggist's Name _____

Address _____

**MAKE DARK HAIR on ARMS and LEGS
UNNOTICEABLE WITH MARCHAND'S**
Quick, effective, inexpensive. Avoids
stubbly aftergrowth caused by other
methods.



Surplus Fat Goes Without Severe
Exercise or Starvation. Easy! Safe!

"My weight was a joke to my friends. But it wasn't funny to me. Now it's my turn to laugh and be happy—thanks to SLENDO Herb Tea." This new, different tea, blended from pure medicinal herbs and roots, is just the thing for overweight people tired of freak diets and ineffective methods. By gently correcting body functions, it harmlessly reduces accumulation of excess fat. Brew it like ordinary tea. Delicious hot or iced. You'll say there's nothing like it!

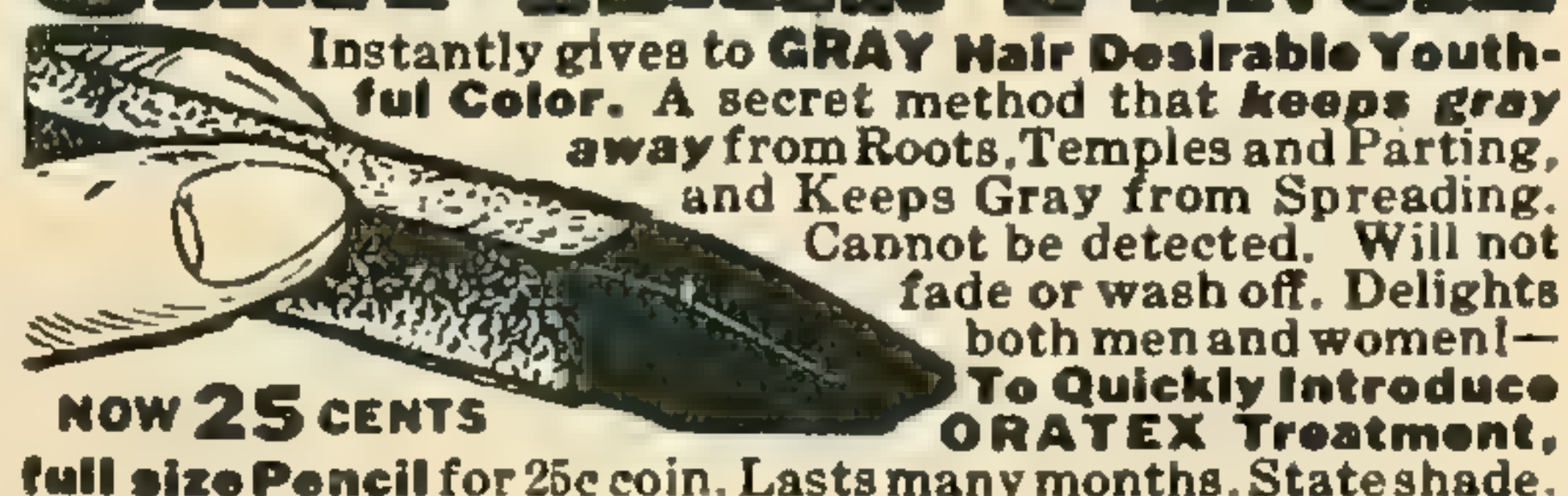
Sample
10c

Just send name and address together with 10c for liberal trial package of SLENDO Herb Tea and directions. Write today!

MODERN MEDICAL CO.

1420 So. Halsted St., Dept. B-1, Chicago, Ill.

GRAY HAIR PENCIL



NOW 25 CENTS

ORATEX CO. 400 West Erie St. Dept. B-46, CHICAGO

PROFITS PAY FOR HOME

Harry Hill writes: "Paid for home with H-B Rug-Washer. Earned \$86 first day." L. A. Eagles took in \$200 his first week. H. I. Riley averages about \$35 a day. C. R. Bergseth writes, "My profits run about \$400 every month." Many others make \$125 to \$200 per week. C. J. White says: "\$100 business in 6 days—never a complaint." Electricity does the work. Finishes rugs and carpets like new, on customer's floor. A proven, permanent business of YOUR OWN. Write today for booklet.

EASY TERMS

Reasonable down payment—balance monthly. No shop necessary. Hundreds of customers in your vicinity and nearby towns. Backed by \$68,000,000 Company. Used by the United States Government and Statler Hotel System. Every machine guaranteed.

FREE Book

Send today (no obligation) for booklet illustrating Rug-Washer and telling how to earn large profits at prices below other methods; how you can build a permanent year around business; and how you can pay on easy terms. Enjoy a larger income. Mail a postcard or letter today—NOW.

H. B. CO., 6362 H. B. Bldg., Racine, Wis.

Be a Nurse

MAKE \$25—\$35 A WEEK

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 35 yrs. One graduate has charge of ten-bed hospital. Another saved \$400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High school not required. Easy monthly payments. Write us now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 1322, 1601 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.
Name _____
City _____ State _____ Age _____

"Here is the **SECRET**"

says
Mary Brian



Mary Brian in Columbia's "Fog"

MOON GLOW

NAIL POLISH

Beautifies Your Hands

YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the five MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl and Carmine.

If you paid \$1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than MOON GLOW—the new Hollywood favorite. Ask your 10c store for the 10c size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you, fill in the coupon below and mail today.

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Hollywood, Calif.

Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. () Natural () Medium () Rose () Platinum Pearl () Carmine.

Name _____

St. and No. _____

City _____ State _____ HO-A₂



New!

Fashion insists that your new hair dress include those flattering ringlets and soft curls so smartly feminine. And they're not at all difficult with these new Sta-Rite pins. Only an inch and a half long, they're the tiniest, most truly invisible pins you've ever used. Do try them—they make ordinary bob pins seem needlessly clumsy. Ten cents at your favorite store or beauty shop—in black, brown, blonde or gray. Or send 10 cents for trial package. (State Color).

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO.

Shelbyville, Dep't. A Illinois



Gary Falls in Love!

Continued from page twenty-one

first time that he invited Sandra on a party. I would have liked to have seen his face! Yes, Sandra could go if the chaperones were approved by Sandra's personal chaperone or if her chaperone accompanied them!

Gary Cooper chaperoned! He did not understand, perhaps. It had been so long since he'd heard that quaint, un-Hollywoodish term. But he soon learned. For Sandra Shaw is not just another girl anxious to become a motion picture headliner. She is, in reality, Veronica Balfe, daughter of Mrs. Paul Shields of New York City and step-daughter of Paul Shields, one of America's foremost capitalists.

A graduate of Todhunter's school in New York, of which Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is half-owner, and of Miss Bennett's ultra exclusive finishing seminary, Veronica Balfe was introduced to New York society at one of its most dignified social functions in 1931. After a season of New York society, she became restless and ambitious and decided to visit her uncle, Cedric Gibbons—husband of Dolores Del Rio—in Hollywood. She did not come alone. She never goes alone—not even to motion picture theatres. She never has. She has always been accompanied by her chaperone.

Nor is this chaperone just an average, paid-to-protect-a-young-girl woman. She is Elvira Borg, a Swedish woman from an excellent family, who has cared for Veronica Balfe since she was three weeks of age. Hired as a trained nurse, she remained to become governess and almost a second mother to the young girl. In Hollywood, she is frequently called Mrs. Shaw and few people know that this kindly, gently spoken Swedish woman is chaperone and companion for a girl who is a representative of America's fundamental ideas for the training of its women.

WHEN VERONICA BALFE decided she would like to remain in Hollywood and accept some of the offers made her to try her luck and test her fresh beauty in motion pictures, she changed her name to Sandra Shaw for obvious professional reasons. And with the woman who has seldom been away from her in her twenty young years, took a house in a quiet, shaded section of Beverly Hills. In fact, Sandra Shaw and Elvira Borg live just two doors from this writer. They are my neighbors and I have watched the romance of Sandra and Gary from behind the curtains of my living room windows as neighbors have watched romances from behind curtains since America was discovered.

I have seen Gary's car draw up before the front door at proper calling-times in the evening and Gary jump out, bounding with eager enthusiasm to take Sandra to some party and I have seen that car return between eleven and twelve o'clock each evening—bringing her back at "proper" end-of-dating time. And I have glimpsed Miss Borg opening the door for her "young lady." And on those trips to Lake Arrowhead and Arrowhead Springs, Miss Borg has accompanied the young people. Sometimes the newspapers have noted "accompanied by Mrs. Shaw;" sometimes

they have forgotten to mention her—but she has always been there.

No; it was not love at first sight although Sandra Shaw was thrilled when Gary called her after that original, Eastertime yachting party. I have never known a woman who is not thrilled by the interest of Gary Cooper. He is just that kind of a man as Hollywood has proven.

This twenty year-old girl-woman from the sheltered corners of New York City had never been in love before. Girlhood crushes, of course. No girl is so well protected as to avoid them. And perhaps the most serious of these had been with—Gary Cooper. The screen Gary, of course. Miss Borg had accompanied her to a showing of *Wolf Song* on Broadway. When she had seen Gary gazing from the screen at her, she had felt—"Oh, isn't he marvellous. Isn't he handsome—"

Thousands of young girls were saying the same thing, feeling the same thrill, wishing the same wish—"If I could only meet him!" After that picture, Gary Cooper's mail was prodigious. Of course, Veronica Balfe did not write him. But she whispered her thoughts to her nurse and her mother.

She whispered many of the same thoughts immediately following the yachting party. Only, she didn't let Gary know of those confidences. For, to a girl like herself, marriage was a serious matter. Her family had always impressed it upon her. They impressed it again and again as the rumors crept into print that Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw were being seen more and more together.

IT IS NOT DIFFICULT to understand the attitude of that mother and stepfather. Sandra had been reared with the one, old-fashioned American mother and father thought. "We will give her everything; protect her carefully; instill all the best thoughts within her so she can live happily ever after."

But could an Hollywood actor make their child happy forever after?

It was a natural question. It was even, perhaps, more natural when that actor was Gary Cooper. Engaged to Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent and many others; courted by titled ladies of the smart sets of Europe. They knew Gary only as they had read about him! A man-about-town; an accomplished heart-breaker. They did not know the Gary who had come originally from the great, open spaces of Montana. They did not know the boy who had been so chuck-full of youthful illusions that he was in Hollywood for three years before he felt qualified to join in a conversation. Remember the publicity about the man who never talked; remember the hints that he was dumb because he was so silent? He was never dumb. He was just trying, in his big-boy way, to make his dreams in-the-saddle blend with what he found in actuality. He was trying to understand women and motion pictures and life. He was attempting to place his young feet upon firm ground and finding only sand. No, Mr. and Mrs. Shields had never known of this original, this fundamental Gary.

Mrs. Shields has made several trips to

HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood since rumors began to link her girl's name with his. He has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Shields in New York City. And each time, they have seen more and more of that boy, the *native man*, as more and more of his illusions were returned to him by the sweetness and purity and unspoiled spirit of the girl who was learning to love him. Each time, they found him more humble; more self-effacing.

They heard his hesitant—"This all seems too good to be happening to me. I am afraid. She is so young—What if someone else should come along after we are married? I couldn't stand that; I couldn't—" And then, as the miracle continued and his faith in all womanhood returned to him through his deepening faith in one woman, they saw a young man forgetting all that was in the past in the exuberant joy of the present and the future.

A YOUNG MAN whose forehead furrowed at the thought of the small amount of money he had saved. He had just established a trust fund for his mother and father. They were cared for. But he could not marry until he had saved enough to protect his wife forever. He was not the kind to use one penny of his wife's money. He wanted to be able to whisk her to Europe or the Orient or the South Sea Isles between pictures; he wanted to be able to take her from Hollywood at short intervals—

At first, the mother and father had the coöperation of the man-in-love in

their hopes that there would be a long, long engagement. Then, Sandra and Gary took the much-talked-about-trip to Arizona, in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilbert. And when they returned, they were ready to forget ifs and ands and buts—they were ready to take the greatest experimental step that life has to offer.

Gary left for New York one evening. Sandra left the next. Her first trip alone. Miss Borg did not go because Sandra's mother wanted a home for the girl to return to. Still believing that Sandra and Gary will wait for a year or two, she wanted Sandra to feel in New York that she has her own "home" and part of her "own family" to return to in Hollywood. The mother, a wise woman, knew that she could not keep Sandra in New York with Gary in California. Since Gary and Sandra have set their hearts upon spending January in Arizona—for Sandra has learned to love the great, open spaces as much as does Gary—Mr. and Mrs. Shields are planning to spend Christmas there with the young people. She hopes that a wedding ring will not protect the big diamond Gary gave Sandra, just yet—But young love—

Ah, we have heard much about the world returning to the sweet joys which came with the simplicity of yesterday. We have talked about the time when romances were the true fairy stories of every-day existence. I know of no greater proof that these statements are not all from our imaginations than the true story of the true romance of Veronica Balfe and Gary Cooper!

The Editor's Mailbag

Continued from page eleven

freshening naturalness is a welcome relief after so many seasons of the heavy posturing, over-emoting stars.

FRANK KENNEDY JR.,
503 College Ave., De Kalb, Ill.

For the Children

IF MOTHERS would let their children visit the theatres more often, there would be fewer "common" girls today. Whereas a mother can only tell them, pictures can show them.

MRS. TURNER,
816 West Norris St., Philadelphia.

Sincerity and Heart Appeal

THE FACT THAT we take Marie Dressler to our hearts more than any other star goes to show that Americans prefer sincerity and heart appeal for a steady diet. Give us more sentimental romances, realistic love stories and all the laughter and tears you can cram in.

MARY A. STEWART,
439 Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona.

Refinement

"WHY can't we sometimes see boys and girls on the screen with modulated voices and refined manners?

FEBRUARY, 1934

Most mothers would prefer having their children see only the best, even if they themselves were raised differently."

MRS. S. C. JONES,
708 St. Claire Ave., Grosse Point, Mich.

Mae West Influence

MAE WEST went to Hollywood and showed the producers what the public wanted. Who likes to see a shapeless, mannish woman? Pants are for men so let them wear them. All the late shows and pictures feature curves and they are enjoyed more. Hail to our queen and the savior of women's figures, Mae West.

PATRICIA M. SENTNEY,
536 East Sherman, Hutchinson, Kan.

Against Criticism

WHY should criticism be aroused by Garbo's desire for a secluded private life? I consider Garbo the greatest tragedienne of modern times. With the quirk of an eyebrow or the gesture of a hand, Garbo can run the whole gamut of expressive emotions. She is incomparable. So let's give her pictures and acting all the publicity they deserve, but allow her the quiet and peaceful life she desires.

MRS. J. H. TALER,
Pueblo, Colorado.



How BLONDES hold their sweethearts

MEN STAY in love with the blonde who makes the most of her hair. She does it with Blondex, the powdery shampoo that sets light hair aglow with new lustrous beauty—keeps it golden-bright and radiantly gleaming. Brings back real blonde gleam to stringy, faded light hair—without injurious chemicals. Blondex bubbles instantly into a frothy, searching foam that routs out every bit of scalp dust—stimulates hair roots. Leaves hair soft and silky. Let Blondex make your hair unforgettably alluring. Blondex comes in two sizes—the NEW, inexpensive 25c package and the economical \$1.00 bottle. Try it today and see the difference. At all good drug and department stores. *Have you tried Blondex Wave Set Powder? Doesn't darken light hair—not sticky—only 35c.*



"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 42B, 585 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.





**Relieves
Teething
Pains**

WITHIN 1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

**DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion**

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

NEW LOW PRICES ON
GOODRICH Firestone
GOOD YEAR
U.S. FISK and OTHERS

And we **YOU**
 defy anyone to excel
 our quality. Every stand-
 ard brand tire reconstruct-
 ed by our superior, modern
 method is positively guar-
 anteed to give full 12 months service under
 severest road conditions. This guarantee is backed
 by the entire financial resources of an old reliable
 company. Member N.R.A. Today's lowest prices.

**CAN'T BEAT
 OUR PRICES**

BALLOON TIRES			Reg. CORD TIRES		
Size	Rim	Tires Tubes	Size	Tires Tubes	
28x4.40-21		\$2.15 \$0.85	30x3	\$2.25 \$0.65	
28x4.50-20		2.35 .85	30x3 1/2	2.35 .75	
30x4.50-21		2.40 .85	31x4	2.95 .85	
28x4.75-19		2.45 .95	32x4	2.95 .85	
28x4.75-20		2.50 .95	33x4	2.95 .85	
28x5.00-19		2.85 1.05	34x4	3.25 .85	
28x5.00-20		2.85 1.05	32x4 1/2	3.35 1.15	
28x5.25-18		2.90 1.15	33x4 1/2	3.45 1.15	
28x5.25-19		2.95 1.15	34x4 1/2	3.45 1.15	
30x5.25-20		2.95 1.15	30x5	3.65 1.35	
31x5.25-21		3.25 1.15	32x5	3.75 1.45	
28x5.50-18		3.35 1.15	33x5	3.95 1.55	
28x5.50-19		3.35 1.15			
30x5.50-18		3.40 1.15			
31x5.50-19		3.40 1.15			
32x5.50-20		3.45 1.25			
32x5.50-21		3.65 1.25			
32x5.50-20		3.75 1.35			

**WE WANT
 DEALERS**

ALL TUBES GUARANTEED Brand NEW
 SEND ONLY \$1 DEPOSIT on each tire ordered.
 We ship balance C. O. D. 5 per cent discount
 for full cash with order. Any tire failing to give
 18 months' service replaced at half price.

GOODWIN TIRE & RUBBER CO., Dept. 601
 1840 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE Flashlight Lantern
 With Order for 2 Tires
 Complete with batteries and bulb,
 ready to use. Household and auto-
 mobile necessity. Gives 600 foot
 light beam. Adjustable handle.

MEMBER N.R.A.

**You Can Get
 A Beautiful
 Symmetrical Form**

At
 Very
 Little Cost
 and without trouble . . .
 by a Safe, Simple Meth-
 od which has been suc-
 cessful for more than 30 years.
 Increase your physical attrac-
 tiveness and perfection by
 building up Flat, Scrawny Bosoms,
 Neck, Arms, Legs . . . or any
 part of the body. Enhance your
 feminine charm and shapeliness.
 Promote love, romance, popularity. Guarantee satis-
 faction with yourself.

I make no absurd claims but send the PROOF and the
 Developing Cream FREE. Just enclose a dime, care-
 fully wrapped, to help pay for packing, etc., and you
 will receive a large container of my

PEERLESS WONDER CREAM

and my confidential, up-
 to-the-minute informa-
 tion on How to Have
 a Beautiful, Symmetri-
 cal Form by my Natural
 Home Method. Sealed
 and prepaid. No C.
 O. D. My guarantee:
 Your dime back if you
 say so! Can anything
 be fairer?
 But . . . do it NOW!
 Write today.

MADAME WILLIAMS, Sten. 21, Buffalo, N.Y.

**WANTED STRONG MEN
 FOR THE MOVIES**

Physical Culture Training won me a Movie
 Contract. Now 3,500 athletes are in pic-
 tures! Studios are clamoring for men
 with perfect Physiques . . . men with
 Physical Culture Training.

Free Trip to Hollywood

To meet this demand, I now
 offer YOU the chance to
 win Free Trip to Holly-
 wood with Screen and
 Talkie Test. Through my
 home-training Physical
 Culture Course. I'll develop
 you into the kind of big, muscular HE-MAN the
 Studios are Seeking. Let me prove it. No obligation. Just
 mail coupon for Free Illustrated Book, telling about
 my low-price course, easy terms and Free Movie Contest.

Joe Bonomo, 220-P Bonomo Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
 Send me Free Book and details of your Course
 and Free Movie Contest. My age is _____

Name _____
 Street Address _____
 City _____ State _____

The Long Lost Father

Continued from page thirty-three

two to share. She left, in addition, this necklace to Miss Bellairs."

Carl shrugged. His fortune had gone glimmering. But that was fair enough. He had never liked his sister-in-law anyway. He felt the score was even. Lindsey left immediately, but Carl lingered a moment.

"A fine girl," the lawyer sighed, looking wistfully after her.

"Yes, and good legs, too," Carl added, undaunted. He wasn't going to let this lawyer see how perturbed he was by his encounter with Lindsey. Before the other could think of any appropriate remark, he departed.

SIR ANTHONY was waiting for him when he returned. Carl saw the short, broad figure seated in his private office, smoking one of his private brand of cigars, before he opened the door. Just like Sir Anthony to help himself, he thought, to whatever caught his fancy.

The owner of the Happy Hour jumped to his feet when Carl opened the door.

"I've been figurin', and I've come to a conclusion," he said. "I think we ought to change the floor show. Get a little zip into it."

"Have you anybody in mind, Tony?" Carl asked absently.

"As a matter of fact, I 'ave," Tony replied with his shade of Cockney English that seemed always to mock Carl's perfect accent. "Lindsey Lane, the star at the Palladium."

Carl swallowed his cry of amazement. His daughter again! He hadn't dare hope he would see her again so soon. But to have her entertaining in the Happy Hour! He shook his head at the other.

"She's terrible. Just a scrawny kid," he parried.

But Sir Anthony was insistent. Carl rightly suspected he might be more interested in Lindsey from his own viewpoint than from that of the Happy Hour. He burned with the desire to tell him to get somebody else to run his restaurant, but he fought down the impulse.

"You get her, no matter what it costs," Tony instructed. With those words, he left before Carl could object again.

Immediately Carl called Lindsey on the phone, his voice trembling slightly in anticipation. He never thought he'd be excited about talking to his daughter, but he was, and frightened too at his possible reception.

Carl told her Sir Anthony's proposition, and asked what salary she would consider agreeable. The cool, crisp reply naming the amount she wanted, nearly choked him.

"My dear young lady, we don't want your body and soul. This is a business proposition."

"Sorry." Lindsey was adamant. In the end she had her way.

THE HAPPY HOUR was crowded the night of Lindsey's debut. Word had quickly gone around that the star of the Palladium was opening a new show at Carl's popular night club. Tony was there with a few of his friends to bask in the success of his new find.

Bill Strong sat alone at a small table near the dance floor, in mute ecstasy, his brown eyes dotting on Lindsey as she whirled through her dance.

Lindsey finished in a burst of applause and came across the floor to his table, flashing him a dazzling smile. She brushed his cheek with her full, red lips as he helped her to her seat.

"Lindsey, you were wonderful," he whispered to her.

He would have gone on, but just then a waiter came up to the table with a bottle of Pol Roget champagne, vintage of 1913.

"With the compliments of Sir Anthony Gelding, miss," he murmured.

"Oh, that's wonderful," Lindsey exclaimed. A sudden thought came to her and she smiled with satisfaction.

"Ask Mr. Bellairs to come here, please," she ordered.

Carl went over to his daughter hesitantly, not sure just how to compliment her, but Lindsey cut short his speech of approval.

"Please uncork the champagne and pour it," she said haughtily, staring at Carl. She felt ashamed of herself the minute she had spoken, but she would never let her father know it.

Carl stared back at her a minute before he bowed and poured the wine into the slender stemmed crystal goblets. Carefully replacing the bottle in the bucket of ice, he wheeled and strode away.

As he left a man sitting at a table near the entrance signaled to Carl, who paused and stiffened. He had recognized him as an inspector from Scotland Yard, and a fleeting pain of anxiety crossed his face.

"GLAD TO SEE YOU, Inspector," he greeted almost too casually.

Spot came bustling up, sensing a crisis. "Anything I can do for you, sir?" he asked. Carl waved him away impatiently.

"He's new, isn't he?" the inspector asked. He studied the end of his cigar. "Mr. Bellairs, in your many travels, have you ever heard of the Sydney Concert? It's a form of bunko game for getting money out of racetrack book-makers."

Carl did not hesitate. The inspector was watching him closely.

"Why, no," Carl replied easily, "it sounds like a musical organization to me."

"I just heard you had been in Australia some time yourself," the inspector continued. "What did you do there?" "I raised sheep," Carl replied worriedly. How much did this Scotland Yard man know, he wondered, about his racetrack activities in Australia.

But that seemed to satisfy the inspector. He left shortly, without further questioning. Carl bowed him out with a sigh of relief.

Lindsey was a continued success the rest of the week. Carl found himself glowing inwardly. Was he growing absurdly fond of his daughter? Parental instincts, which he abhorred in others, seemed to be coming to life in him. Now he was even beginning to disapprove of Lindsey's going around so much with Tony Gelding and his friends.

He went to work the next morning in a black mood. He had seen Lindsey only at her appearances in the restau-

HOLLYWOOD

rant, and then he had found no chance to talk with her.

A waiter stopped him as he entered the Happy Hour.

"Pardon me, sir, but there's a message waiting for you in your office."

"Thanks," Carl said abruptly, hurrying to his desk. He tore the letter open impatiently, noticing that it was Lindsey's handwriting. He read the note slowly to himself, a deep frown settling on his high forehead.

"Miss Lindsey Lane regrets to inform you that due to a bad cold she will not be able to make her usual appearance this evening at the Happy Hour," the note stated.

Carl crushed the note in his fist. His face flushed with anger. "No whippersnapper of a daughter can do that to me," he muttered.

It took him exactly five minutes to reach Lindsey's studio apartment, bent on exercising his neglected parental rights. He ran into the living room without knocking. Sprawled on all the available seats were a group of young people.

"May I see you alone a minute?" he asked Lindsey.

She rose to her feet with an expression of fear and wonderment.

"I'll only be a minute," she assured her guests. She led Carl into her bedroom, and closed the door behind them.

"Well?" asked Lindsey coolly.

"First of all," Carl began, "you've been dangling a decent boy on the string and running around with a bunch of vicious molycoddles. That's up to you, but when it comes to lying to me and running out on your job, I've got to step in. You'll be in that café tonight."

Lindsey's firm mouth closed to a thin line of stubbornness.

"Lord Vivyan happens to be giving a party and I'm going," she declared flatly. "What's more, Sir Anthony is taking me himself, so there's no use threatening to give me the sack."

Carl realized the truth of her remark. Balked by her impudence, he seized her roughly by the arm, half intending to spank her. She cried out in pain, and he dropped her bruised wrist.

"I—I'm sorry, I didn't intend to hurt you," he said.

"That's all right, Carl, I know you didn't," Lindsey assured him gently. She realized at that moment that her father must really care for her, and she was surprised to find how happy it made her.

Lady Hermione was waiting for Carl at the Happy Hour when he returned. He had completely forgotten about her in the rush of events. She choked back her anger and tried to smile as she addressed him.

"You've either got to give up Lindsey or me," she said. "I'm through playing second fiddle to your daughter!"

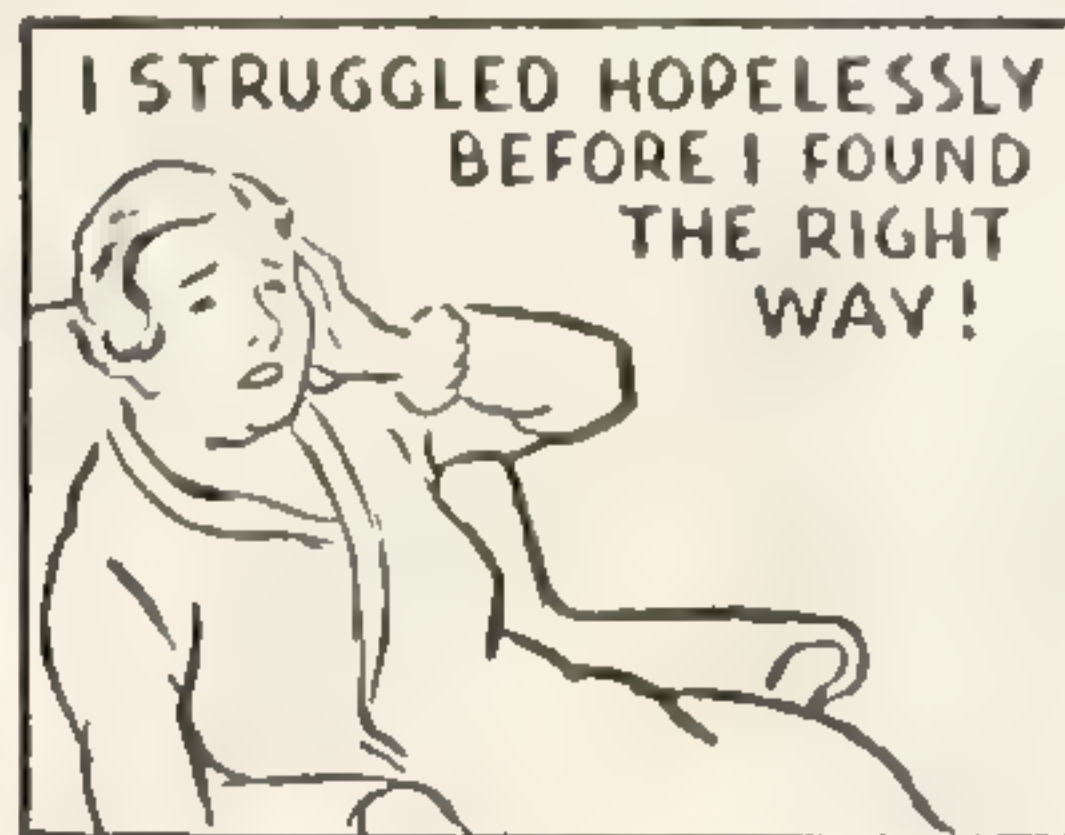
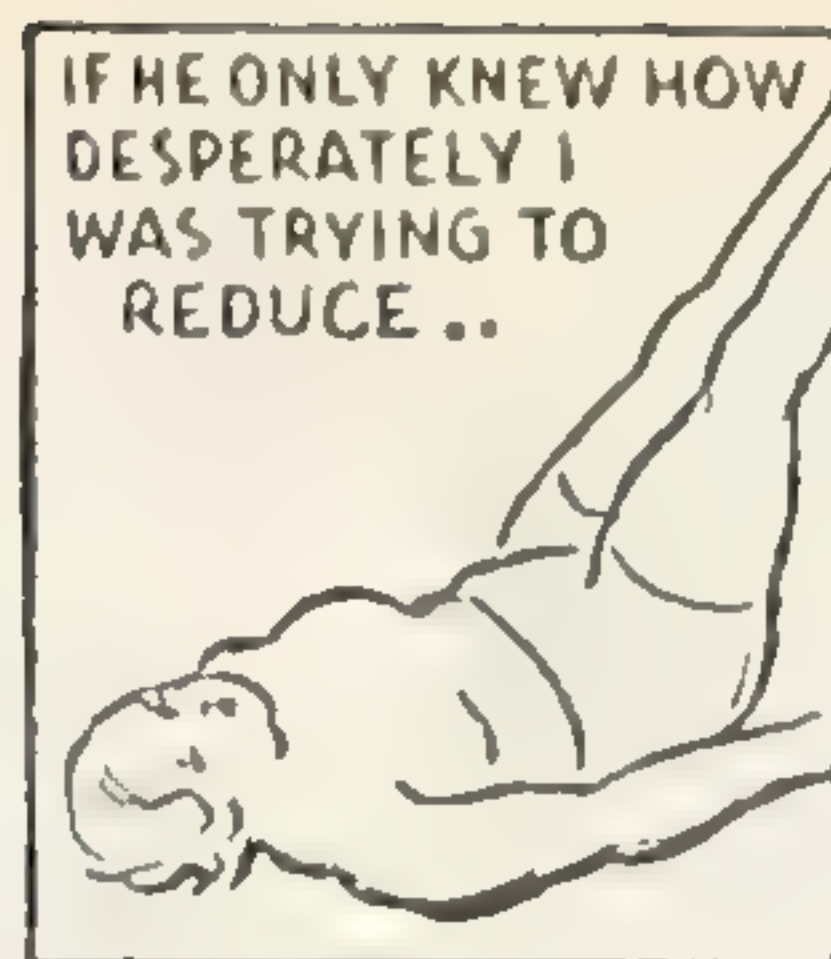
Carl placed a deprecating hand over hers. "You know," he said, "my first duty is as a father."

Lady Hermione flounced out in high fury.

"There goes my country estate and comfortable old age," Carl murmured regretfully.

THE PARTY that night at Lord Vivyan's apartment was a gay one. Champagne corks were popping on every side. Everyone was sitting around a large table intent on the roulette game at which they were playing. Lindsey was

FEBRUARY, 1934



"I Know It Has The Power To Reduce Fat!"

I WAS frightened. My husband thought that fat was unforgivable. Yet try as I would I could not get back my slender, youthful lines.

I tried almost everything before a friend suggested Marmola. I had heard of Marmola, of course, but I did not fully realize how effective it was.

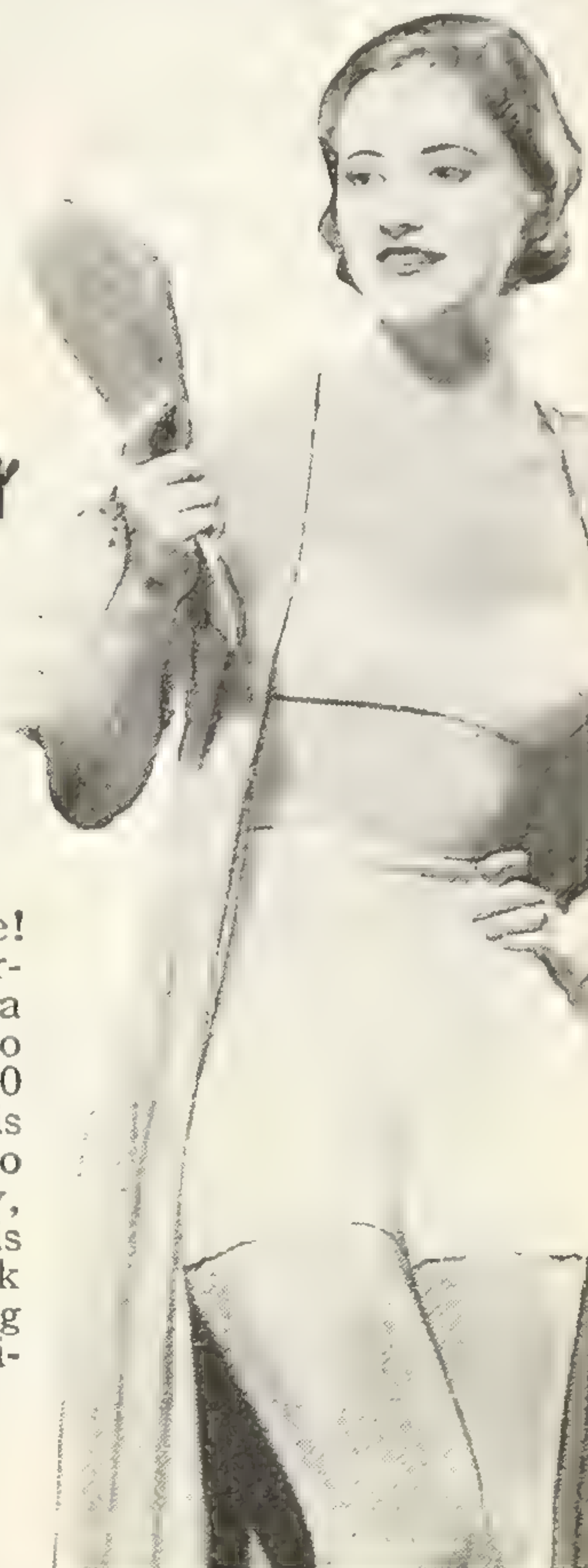
How foolish I was to torture myself with diet, exercise, girdles and dozens of baseless fads, when Marmola employs a reducing principle that the whole scientific world recognizes. Why, doctors regularly prescribe the same ingredients. It is the outstanding fat-reducing method. It has stood test after test for years. Over 20 million

boxes have been sold. Men and women swear by it. They ask for it in over 40 different countries.

And Marmola is so simple! No rigid diet watching, no exercises. Merely take 4 tablets a day. Why should anyone who wants to reduce—whether 40 pounds or 14—fail to try this delightful way that has been so thoroughly tested so many, many times? The formula is printed in every package. Ask for Marmola at any good drug store. Do not accept substitutes.

MARMOLA

The Right Way to Reduce



Fill Out Your Chest-Line



ARE you flat-chested? Do you lack the shapely feminine curves that are all the vogue? Is your bust small and undeveloped? Does it sag formlessly instead of standing out firm and round? Thousands of women have used the famous Nancy Lee treatment to enlarge the bust, to mould it to high arching shapeliness, to lift the sag. Just a few minutes a day required.

Add Firm, Shapely Beauty

It is so easy the Nancy Lee way! Let me send you my simple instructions, with large container of Miracle Cream for special massage technique. No drugs or appliances, nothing harmful. This is the natural way to enlarge and beautify the bust. Try it and see! You risk nothing.

READ!

"My sincere congratulations on your life-saver for thin-busted girls."

"It is making a wonderful improvement in my bust."

"I am happy to tell you that my breasts do not sag any more, are firm, and all my friends say my form is like a young girl's again."

"My bust has developed two inches."

Free • a Beautiful Form



My new illustrated book on bust development is free! Take advantage of big bargain offer now: Send only \$1.00 for the Nancy Lee Treatment, including instructions and Miracle Cream. Free Book included. Your money back if not satisfied. Mail coupon or write, enclosing only \$1.00.

NANCY LEE

Dept. P-2

816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

NANCY LEE, Dept. P-2,
816 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me your developing treatment, including instructions and Miracle Cream, with free book, in plain wrapper. I enclose \$1.00. Money back if not satisfied.

Name

Address

Town State

Take Ugly HAIR from FACE pleasantly

Simply apply gentle, fragrant DeWans—wait 3 minutes—then wash off. Facial hair will be entirely gone. Your skin will be a thrill to see... and a greater thrill to touch! No smarting. No reddening. Why, it doesn't even "pink" the skin! Being mild enough for facial use, DeWans is, of course, safe for use on arms and legs as well. And its new low price makes such use perfectly economical. DeWans is \$1. at the best department and drug stores.



**DEWANS Special FACIAL
HAIR REMOVER**



This Girl Knows..

YOU CAN
DEPEND ON NR
IT'S ALL-VEGETABLE
.SAFE!

**Bright Eyes...
No Bad Skin**

She learned long ago how often dull eyes, pimply skin, nervousness and lack of pep come from bowel sluggishness and constipation. Now **NR** (Nature's Remedy) is her secret of sparkling loveliness and vital health. No more ineffective partial relief for her—all-vegetable **NR** Tablets give thorough cleansing, gently stimulating the entire bowel. Millions take **NR** for thorough, effective relief from constipation and biliousness. Get a 25c box. All druggists'. Pleasant—safe—and not habit-forming.



FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar. Thermometer—samples **NR** and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to **A. H. LEWIS CO.** Desk BP-88 St. Louis, Missouri!

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Employment for 500 Men at Once!

A **REVOLUTIONARY** Chemical Sponge has just been invented that cleans cars like magic. Banishes auto-washing drudgery. Also cleans linoleum, woodwork, windows without work! Auto owners and housewives wild about it.

The manufacturer wants 500 men and women at once to help him introduce this strange chemical sponge. He offers to send one for trial to the first person in each locality who writes him. Send in your name today—also ask for full particulars on how you can get the Agency and without experience or capital make up to \$90 a week. Address: **KRISTEE MFG. CO., 2712 Bar St., AKRON, OHIO**

3 Perfumes

(Exquisite new odors)

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—
A single drop lasts a week!

Three odors: Send only

- (1) Romanza
- (2) Lily of the Valley
- (3) Esprit de France

30¢

To quickly introduce these new perfumes I'll send you with my compliments trial bottles of all three for only 30c (silver or stamps) to pay for postage and handling. Only one set to each new customer.

PAUL RIEGER
189 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

seated next to Tony, who was winning money on every bet.

"Let me stake you," he whispered to her.

"That's silly," Lindsey replied. "I'm playing against you."

"Are you?" he retorted meaningly.

"All the time," Lindsey said emphatically.

Tony fumbled with some chips in front of him, dropping a few on the floor. With a mumbled excuse, he leaned over to retrieve them, deliberately caressing Lindsey's leg with his hand as it disappeared under the table cloth.

Lindsey kicked viciously at the offending hand, and Tony straightened quickly, his red face even redder with exertion.

"Beautiful slippers," he said, unabashed.

"All the better to kick you with," Lindsey flung at him, and got up to change her place.

"Give me the money I've won, I'm going home," Tony said suddenly to Lord Vivyan who was the banker. Stung by Lindsey's coldness, he was seizing his one means of reprisal. He had most of Lindsey's money in his pockets.

Brushing aside the protests of the other players, Tony pocketed the huge roll of bills Lord Vivyan handed over to him and stormed out of the apartment.

YOUNG VIVYAN was commenting angrily when an insistent pounding at the door stopped him. Before he could reach the hallway, Bill had staggered in. Lindsey saw in a flash that he had been drinking.

"I've come to take Miss Lane home," he announced thickly, his words resounding in the surprised silence. Titters greeted his remark.

"Let's have a treasure hunt," one of the guests suggested, ignoring Bill as he weaved his way towards Lindsey. "We've got lists of what everyone has to go out and get. First one back will win a handsome prize donated by Lord Vivyan."

Lindsey ran over and pushed Bill into a chair. "Come along on this hunt," she whispered, "please do." Bill shook his head.

"Don't wanna go," he said.

Lindsey leaned over and kissed him. Bill reached up and pulled her down on his lap. "All right, I'll go," he consented, too desirous of being near Lindsey to refuse the unspoken promise in her eyes.

She pressed against him hungrily, then broke away from his embrace. "What's first on the treasure hunt?" she asked.

"The seats of the mighty," she read, peering at the list before her. "That must mean Tony Gelding's trousers."

She and Bill ran down the stairs to his car, Lindsey stepped on the starter and raced the car through the quiet streets of Mayfair to Tony's apartment. No light shone in the windows of the tall, dark mansion. The sidewalks were empty of pedestrians.

A high stone wall cut off approach to the garden. With a lithe bound, Lindsey scaled the side to the top and dropped softly to the ground. Bill found a ladder for her and she scrambled up to Tony's bedroom. She scuttled back to Bill's waiting arms a minute later with a pair of pants in one hand.

"Got 'em," she whispered triumphantly.

"Hey, what's goin' on there?" came a

voice out of the darkness. A gardener chased them wrathfully as the guilty pair ran for the wall. Bill reached the top in safety and turned to help Lindsey up.

"He got one of my slippers," Lindsey lamented. They dropped to the sidewalk and into the car, safe from pursuit.

An hour later, burdened with a traffic sign, a plume from a soldier's cap, and many stories, in addition to Tony's trousers, Lindsey and Bill ran into Lord Vivyan's apartment. A curious silence greeted them. Then Lindsey saw Tony's face, angrily red and accusing.

"Where's my money?" he demanded.

"What money?" Lindsey said in bewilderment.

"The money that was in those trousers, the money that I won here tonight," Tony said, pointing to the garment hanging over Lindsey's arm.

"Why—why—I didn't see any money!" she stammered. "If there was any money, it must have fallen out on the way."

"Unless this money is returned to me," Tony stated to the listening crowd, ignoring Lindsey's protest, "I will hand Miss Lane over to the police. It's a matter of some twelve hundred pounds. I will give her until tomorrow night."

TONY WAS IN Carl's office when the proprietor of the Happy Hour came in early the next morning.

"Your daughter stole some twelve hundred pounds from me last night," Tony snarled. He went on to explain the treasure hunt and the missing bank-roll.

"I've fired her, of course," he added. "If she returns the money, I won't bring action. But otherwise—" Tony stamped out, leaving Carl to mull over his veiled threat.

Carl rang immediately for Spot.

"We're taking twelve hundred pounds away from Sir Anthony, Spot," he said, tapping his fingers together. "We'll use the old race track game. Remember how it goes?"

"When you get the results of the third race, you start playing your clarinet. *Way Down Upon the Swanee River* for Starfish, *Old Black Joe* for Red Rover, and *Auld Lang Syne* for White Satin. You get the results by calling a friend of mine whose number I'll give you at the race track. There's a phone booth right across the street from where I'll be waiting with Tony."

Spot nodded in understanding, and wrote down the names of the three songs Carl had given him.

CARL WENT STRAIGHT to Lindsey's apartment. He found her curled up on the davenport like a forlorn kitten, her eyes red with weeping.

"Trouble, Lindsey?"

The blonde head bobbed emphatically. "Oh, Carl!" Lindsey sobbed. "Whatever will I do?"

She held out her hands. For a moment, as she clung to him, the gilded, self-assured young dancer had vanished. She was just a frightened child—his child.

He stroked her head in silence.

"Now listen, Lindsey," he said firmly, "I'm going to talk to you like—well, like a father. If I straighten this out for you, will you promise me something?"

Lindsey nodded.

"Will you marry Bill and settle down?"

EL MIRADOR

BECKONS YOU TO PALM SPRINGS

Playground of motion picture and society people. Thrilling scenic attractions. Unexcelled cuisine. Golf, tennis, saddle-horses, sun bathing, world famous swimming pool. Write for booklet.

Management,
Warren B. Pinney
Palm Springs, California



America's Foremost Desert Resort



Meet your favorite Movie star

all original photos of your favorite stars, size 8 x 10 glossy prints, 25c each, 5 for \$1.00. Scenes from any of your favorite recent photo plays 25c each, 12 for \$2.50. Positively the finest obtainable anywhere. We have the largest collection of movie photos in the country. Just name the star or play you want. Remit by money order or U. S. 2c and 3c. stamps.

Gram Studio—Film Centre Bldg., Studio 401, 630-9th Ave., N. Y. City



A Boy and a Girl were Dancing

It should have been the most beautiful, the happiest night of her life. She had looked forward to it for more than a week. But now she smiled only with effort . . . smiled through pain, worry, fear. The whole world seemed out of step.

Do these severe pains, worries, fears haunt you each month? Do you thoroughly understand the necessity of feminine hygiene? SAFE feminine hygiene? Yes, or no, there is a real message of health, safety, happiness in the new, educational, just-published booklet—"A Confidential Health Message to Every Woman". It's FREE! Mail the coupon, below, today!

LABORATORIES, Inc., JOPLIN, MO. Box 696
Please mail me, post-paid, "A Confidential Health Message to Every Woman," explaining recent discoveries by an ethical medical specialist and a noted chemist.

Name _____
St Address _____
City _____ State _____

FEBRUARY, 1934

"It has a sweeter sound today than ever before!" she cried.

"All right." Carl stood up. "Don't worry now. I'm going to get Sir Anthony his twelve hundred pounds."

Lindsey pulled his head down and kissed him. Holding her tight, Carl smiled over her shoulder. If his friends could see him now—Carl Bellairs, the gay dog, playing the dutiful father.

HALF AN HOUR later, Carl strolled into the bar where he knew he would find Tony, feeling almost light-hearted. He was going to have a last fling at the game, and this time with an unselfish purpose. He ordered a drink and took his place beside Tony.

"How is it you're not down at the track today?" he asked Tony. Tony explained he was collecting rents. Carl smiled, realizing that Tony would have at least twelve hundred pounds to lose to him.

"Speaking of races," Carl said carelessly, "I know enough about horses to pick the winner from the field on the third race today." He reached in his pocket and produced a hundred pounds. "And I've got the money to back up my statement."

"You're crazy," Tony told him. "But I can't help that. I'll take you. Furthermore, I'll give you twelve to one odds."

Carl looked up at the clock. The third race would be over any minute, and then he could get Spot's signal. There it was! The sour notes of *Auld Lang Syne* drifted into the barroom. He turned to Tony who was waiting impatiently to hear what horse Carl was going to choose.

"White Satin," Carl informed him. For a time they drank in silence. Then Tony sent a man out to the phone to get the winner. He came back, his face blank with astonishment.

"He's right. White Satin it is," he said. Carl threw back his head and laughed silently. Then he picked up the money and walked out, waving to the surprised and angry Tony, as he went.

He went straight back to his office at the restaurant. Safe for the moment, he took the phone and rang Bill. He sighed with relief when he heard the American's voice coming over the wires.

"Hello, Bill," Carl greeted, "I'm sending you an envelope addressed to my daughter. I want you to take it to her, and make her live up to her promise. She said this afternoon she would marry you. As you Americans say, 'Do your stuff!' That's all." He hung up and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

NOW THAT HIS gesture of knight errantry was over, there was no time to lose. He summoned Spot to his office. An hour later, the two men were on a boat train to Southampton. When they arrived at the pier, no one attempted to stop their progress to the gangplank.

Spot was gleeful. He slapped Carl on the back, as they stood looking over the rail at the wharf lined with people, listening to the hoarse signal, warning of impending departure.

"Well, doc, we've won again!" he wheezed, flashing Carl a toothless grin.

Carl Bellairs looked out at the darkening sky in the direction of London.

"That's what you think," he said.



LORETTA YOUNG and SPENCER TRACY in a scene from the Columbia picture "A Man's Castle"

NEW BEAUTY of skin and complexion CAN BE YOURS

WHEN people look at you, what do they see? A clear, smooth, vibrant skin? Or a skin that's dull and muddy, marred perhaps by ugly spots and blemishes?

New skin beauty can be yours! A remarkable corrective food is helping thousands to get and keep the charm of a lovely skin.

Skin troubles indicate a disordered condition of your system—usually constipation or a run-down nervous state. Both of these common ailments are frequently caused by the shortage of vitamins B and G in the average diet. To correct this shortage you need a food super-rich in these essential elements.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply these precious substances in great abundance. They are nothing but pure, scientifically pasteurized yeast—and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These tablets strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes go. Your complexion becomes clear and glowing. Your skin is again smooth and lovable.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.



YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. FG-2
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

ASTROLOGY

My 1934 Readings

—tell you at a glance the exact days, month by month, when the planets are in favorable or unfavorable aspect for signing papers and contracts, seeking employment, speculation, travel, love, courtship, marriage, health, accidents, etc. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope, birthdate and 50c for complete reading. Money refunded if not satisfied. My advice on 3 questions FREE with each order.



WHITE WIZARD, Box 1276, Tacoma, Wash.

T. D. C.—For the last four years your astrology readings have proven satisfactory. Will I get my share of the estate and how soon?

Ans.—This estate will be settled next March and you will receive your full and just share at that time.

P. L. M.—Your answers to my questions before turned out exactly as you told me. Will I marry the boy that I am now going with?

Ans.—I am afraid that his mother will cause a break between you two and you will meet a party with initials of S. L. I. next July whom you will later marry.

T. S. N.—Will the doctor cure me without an operation?

Ans.—The treatment which you are now taking I believe will make unnecessary an operation.

L. F. R.—Will my scenario be accepted by the company to whom I have sent it?

Ans.—Not only your present but your future writings will bring you financial success.

F. J.—Will you describe the girl I am going to marry and when will I meet her?

Ans.—You will marry a brown-eyed school teacher whom you will meet in the close future.

MY ADVICE ON 3 QUESTIONS FREE WITH EACH ORDER

Send self-addressed, stamped envelope, birthdate and 50c for 1934 Astrological Reading. If you have a friend or relative who wishes reading inclose \$1.00 for the two readings. **WHITE WIZARD, Box 1276, Tacoma, Wash.**



The WARMTH of OUR WELCOME

is unbounded—old-fashioned, home-like hospitality—delightfully furnished, sunny outside rooms, each with bath and radio—quiet, courteous service—delicious cooking—ALL at amazing prices. Plus the convenience—every worthwhile activity in New York at your door—the shops and department stores, the theatres and great movie palaces; near the subways and railroads—and a bus terminal in the building. Daily rates: Single, \$2.50 to \$4; Double, \$3.50-\$5 (none higher). Special arrangements by the week or month on request. **OUR RESTAURANT** is justly popular for its meals prepared by women cooks. Breakfast 35c, Luncheon 50c, Dinner from 85c. Dancing nightly from 6:30 to 9 P. M.

HOTEL DIXIE

42nd-43rd Sts., Just West of B'way, N.Y.

Mae West's Personal Beauty Secrets

Continued from page forty-seven

cheeks and chin and blended into the skin by fingers that have been dipped in cold water does the trick.

AND NOW FOR that "warmth" which creates for blondes that impression of a tremendously vivid personality . . .

Take your rouge puff and your rouge box. With the puff pat on your rouge very, very carefully and very, very lightly, beginning at the temple and spreading over the cheeks. Then blend downward toward your chin. Now see that the color is deepened a trifle on the cheekbones. With your finger-tips blend the edges. Shade them so that your face has a glowing blush after you pat on your powder.

Mae West, you see, eschews hard, unnatural lines or color in her makeup for the same reasons she does smoking and drinking—they tend to coarsen.

"I don't believe in much massaging," she explained. "That wears down the tissue. For that reason I like a cleansing cream that melts as soon as it touches your skin so that you don't have to bother rubbing it in. But I'll tell you what I do . . . I rub off the first application of the cream. Then I pat on more cream and let it stay on while I'm taking my bath. The steam from the hot water opens the pores so the cream can do extra work. And when you finally rub it off, your face feels as clean as a chorus girl's conscience!"

But as we've said, the face is only the starting point of this magnetic "MM-mmm" business. Mae says clumsiness kills it more quickly than anything else. "And no woman needs to be clumsy! Did you ever think how lovely a girl looked sitting in a car—until she started to get out?"

"Oh, I don't mean to start going in for studied poses, the Venus-at-the-sink sort of thing. Or for la-de-da gestures. But there are certain fundamental things that a girl can practice until they become a part of her—and they'll make her twice as easy to look at. That little matter of crossing the knees, for instance. They shouldn't be crossed at all. It's the legs which should be, and well above the knees, so that the top leg swings in the direction of the lower one and the calf isn't bulged out. The minute you let the hanging foot turn up your pose takes on an ugly line. Point the toes downward.

"I don't suppose there's any picture of a woman that remains with a man so as that of her pouring the morning coffee. If she wants to do right by herself she'll see that she does it gracefully. No using the elbows like flippers and letting them stick out at right angles to your body! And when you place those same elbows on the table in front of hubby, be sure to keep them well together and close to the edge of the table. This will keep your head and shoulders back and eliminate that disillusioning 'ho-hum' sprawl.

"And don't forget," she added, "that perfumes do stir the imagination. Try a little of your most delicate scent on the palm of your hand—then smooth hubby's forehead. It's a safe bet he won't go out that night!"

this dainty tablet is all you need . . .



Convenient and so simple to use. So dependably effective, yet totally safe and harmless. That is why modern, intelligent women prefer **AMLO TABLETS** to safeguard their mental happiness and health. Dry, greaseless, non-caustic, non-poisonous—a complete feminine germicide that requires no water, solutions nor accessories. Penetrating, soothing, deodorizing. Physicians recommend **AMLO**. Send coupon with 10c for generous trial. Amlo Products Co., Chicago.



AMLO
Feminine Hygiene Tablets

AMLO PRODUCTS CO.
5154 N. CLARK ST., DEPT. B-1, CHICAGO, ILL.
I enclose 10c for trial of Amlo Tablets. Include Directions and Booklet—"Hygiene Truths"

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



DR. WALTER'S Flesh Colored Gum Rubber Garments

LATEST BRASSIERE reduces 2 to 3 inches at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure.....\$2.25
REDUCING GIRDLE. 2 to 3 inch reduction at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back, with 2 garters in front. Holds up abdomen. Send waist and hip measures.....\$3.75

Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

Dr. Jeanne F. G. Walter 389 Fifth Ave., New York

GIVEN WRIST WATCH
or BIG CASH COMMISSION

GIVEN name and address. **LADIES! GIRLS!** Latest shape high grade six jewel lever movement with metal bracelet—Beautiful design chrome plated case—Adorable! **GIVE away FREE** big colored art pictures with our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** (for burns, sores, chaps, etc.) at 25c a box (with picture free) and remit per new premium plan book. Other choice watches—We are reliable—37th year—Cloverine, fast seller. Be first in your town—Send for order of salve on a postcard today! **WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 50-S, TYRONE, PA.**

Here's a pass

into the broadcasting studios where you can see your favorite radio stars at work behind the microphone. Read

FEBRUARY

RADIOLAND

The New Magazine of the Air

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

10c

EMINENT EGYPTIAN ASTROLOGER

From The Birthplace of Astrology



Have your horoscope read from the land of the mystic Nile. Consult the SPHINX, The Eminent Egyptian Astrologer. He has amazed and astonished thousands by his rigidly scientific horoscope readings. He is now at your service; to read your own horoscope. He will answer you from Egypt. He will help you solve your intimate problems of Love, Marriage, Sexual affinity, Employment, Business, Lucky Days etc. Live a better, happier life through the science of Astrology. Your personal mail sent to you from Egypt. Send 25 cents (coin) and your exact birth date to Box 239, General Post Office, New York City.

I'm Through With Love!

Continued from page thirty-nine

arranged for an audition. I went on a sustaining program. No money. But the fan mail began to come in. It was a help—"

The amount of that fan mail was such a help that a sponsor came forward and offered him \$1,500 a week for fifteen minutes of song.

"I nearly fainted. I couldn't believe it. That money was so big—it just didn't seem as though it could be true—"

One bit of luck seems always to magnetize another. He had just signed for the radio engagement when the Paramount theatre in Brooklyn offered him \$3,500 a week for personal appearances and the Waldorf Astoria hotel, \$2,500 a week for singing. Add those figures—I make them \$7,500, or over \$1,000 a day. Exactly four months after that doleful evening in my living room when Russ Colombo gave up the battle because hope had departed, he was collecting \$1,000 daily!

And three years later, he returned to Hollywood as discouraged as when he had left it—with less than \$10,000.

OF COURSE, HE HAD crowded enough experiences into those three years to make a large-sized book—or a movie. We can only touch the high-lights. He was still at the Paramount theatre in Brooklyn when a stranger edged up to him after a performance.

"Got a few hundred dollars? They sent a couple of the boys up the road today and we have to have money to help them. We're having a little charity affair. Say about five hundred bucks. You're making plenty—"

Russ, a babe to Fame, looked bewildered.

"But I have so many expenses. I have to pay my agent a third and my press agent and—"

"Of course you don't have to pay—"

It was the tone rather than the words; Russ looked at the eyes of the man before him. His hand slipped into his pocket and he paid for his first protection—but not for his last. There were not more than three weeks in the next three years when he did not pay gangland its tax for protection.

Money rolled in. And it rolled out. This golden-voiced California lad looked like ready money to the wise guys. Somehow he found himself with two press agents. Servants. Traveling expenses for a retinue and two bodyguards. Bills for everything in the world. A simple Italian boy who had thought \$100 a week a fortune (and who does yet!) was soon paying fabulous bills.

The newspaper boys tried to warn Russ that his manager and his hangers-on were ruining him. "Everyone always runs out on a manager when he gets going," Russ said. "I'm one guy that's going to stick." He stuck—to the tune of \$20,000, which he says the manager owes in loans, alone.

Russ's first suspicions came when the manager turned down the offer of the lead in *The Big Broadcast* and *The Crooner* for him. He didn't realize, then, that there is a law in California which forbids a manager to collect more than ten per cent of a star's salary!

Philadelphia brought the climax. The manager gambled—lost a lot of money

FEBRUARY, 1934



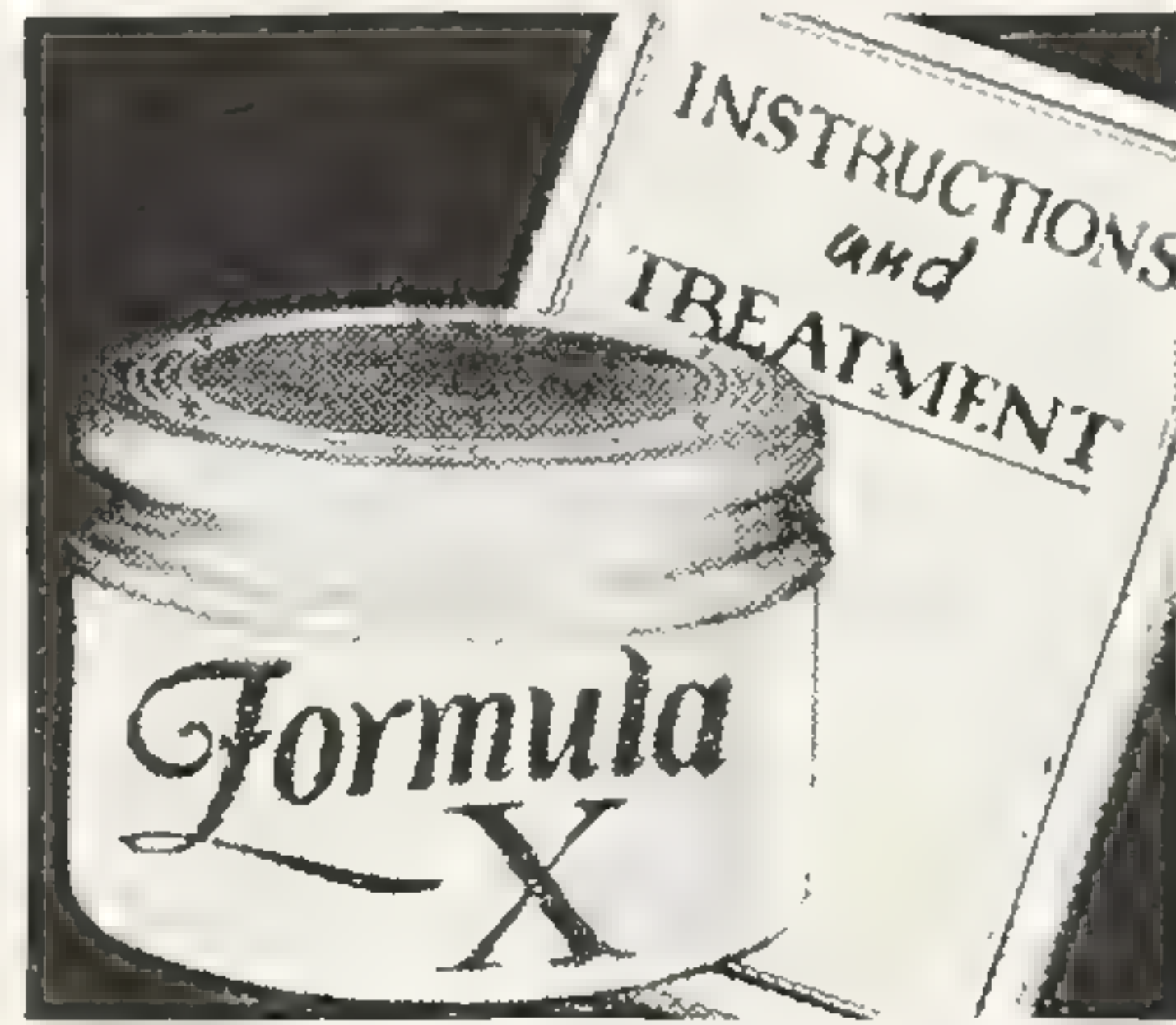
Now You Can Reduce a Bulging Chest-Line

New Way to Slenderize an Oversize Bust

IS YOUR figure marred by a heavy, sagging bust? Does that embarrassing chest-line bulge make you self-conscious and ill at ease?

Now you can reduce an oversize bust. Send today and see how easy my method is, and how effective. Just simple, sensible directions for taking off flabby fat, for lifting the sag and remoulding the form. A large container of my FORMULA-X is included for use with my special massage technique. If you want a trim, shapely bust, with smart, arching contours, then take advantage of the liberal offer below. Your satisfaction guaranteed—or money back.

A Trim, Shapely Bust for You - - - Mail Coupon



Just a single dollar brings you this specialized treatment for reducing the bust. Mail the coupon or write, enclosing \$1.00, and you will receive your treatment by return mail—instructions and Formula-X, in plain wrapper. Can you afford to miss such an opportunity?

BETTY DREW
(Dept. P-2)
799 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

BETTY DREW,
Dept. P-2, 799 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me under your Money-Back Guarantee, the Betty Drew treatment for bust-reduction. I enclose only \$1.00 in full payment. Mail at once in plain wrapper.

Name

Address

Town State

JEAN HARLOW AND JUDGE BEN LINDSEY DISCUSS SEX!
MARCH HOLLYWOOD. DON'T MISS IT!

HOW YOU, TOO, CAN ENJOY THE THRILL OF PLAYING

DO YOU envy others who enjoy playing, who are always the center of attraction, invited everywhere? Then this message is intended for you.

For here is a remarkable method to learn to play your favorite instrument that is actually fun, that teaches you in a fraction of the usual time—right in the privacy of your own home—and without a private teacher! Moreover, you save more than half the usual cost.

This amazing way is based on an entirely new principle. You learn by playing real pieces instead of scales. It's actually as easy as A-B-C, and exciting as a novel. You learn by playing real pieces from the very beginning—right from real notes.

Yet this remarkable method is thorough and complete. No tricky "by ear" lessons that fail to teach you properly. When you learn the U. S. School way you learn just as the best musicians do.

Fascinating as a Game

These delightful lessons are as fascinating as a game. Even a child can learn to play this U. S. School way. For everything is right before you all the time—music, text and pictures. First you are told what to do, then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it.

In an amazingly short time you'll be playing your favorite pieces with all the proficiency of a skilled musician.

Do you want to be popular—always in demand? Are you tired of always sitting on the side lines?

Then get in on these good times you are missing! Learn to play your favorite instrument quickly and easily this modern way.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano Violin
Guitar Saxophone
Organ Ukulele
Tenor Banjo
Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
Or Any Other
Instrument



Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

See for yourself how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for our Free booklet, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home." With it comes a Free Demonstration Lesson which shows how simple this expert home instruction really is.

You owe it to yourself to get this valuable booklet and Demonstration Lesson at once. No obligation whatever on your part. Be sure to mail the coupon TODAY. U. S. School of Music, 362 Brunswick Building, New York City, N. Y.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
362 Brunswick Bldg., New York City
Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name

Address

Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....



SKIN ERUPTIONS NEED NOT WORRY YOU

Pimples, eczema, itching, burning skin, undue redness, minor rashes and scaly scalps are no longer necessary when relief is so simple. Poslam will show what it will do for you in one application. Just apply at night and note improvement next morning.

JUST TO PROVE IT

we will send you a test package FREE.

Simply send your name and address to:

**POSLAM CO., Desk N, 254 W. 54th St.
New York, N. Y.**

You can get Poslam at any drug store, 50c.

UNSEEN BEAUTY

is yours with

RADIO GIRL

**PERFUME and
FACE POWDER**

Enjoy this secret of charm—this bewitching fragrance that has all the glamour of costly imported perfume. . . . **RADIO GIRL** Perfume, though made from French essential oils, is compounded in this country—for modern, thrifty American girls. . . . **RADIO GIRL** Face Powder has the same alluring fragrance. A flattering new shade—Dermatone—blends with all complexions. . . . Send for free samples.

Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLE



"RADIO GIRL," St. Paul, Minn. FC2
Please send me FREE samples of **RADIO GIRL**
Perfume and **RADIO GIRL** Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

"U.S.A."

"(This offer good in United States only)"

FUTURE

WHAT IS YOUR FATE in 1934?

YOGAR—Famous Radio Astrologist Will Guide You
Aids Thousands Everywhere

★ Success? . . . Happiness? . . . Riches? — What does 1934 hold for you? . . . Let **YOGAR**, radio's uncanny Astrologist, guide you wisely! Obtain his new, giant 8,000 word Astrological Forecast and day to day guide to Success and Happiness. His Character Analysis predicts by exact days, dates and months events to come in 1934, based on your Zodiacal sign. **BE SAFE!** . . . Consult it before making business deals, signing papers, seeking new job, and in regard to love, marriage, accidents, investments, friends, enemies, lucky and unlucky days, etc. **SPECIAL!**—**YOGAR** will also answer any 3 questions on any subject, with the purchase of his Astrological Forecast. Send \$1 bill with your name, address, birthdate and 3 questions. **FREE Lucky Buddha Charm** included if you act now! Money back if not exactly as represented. Write today!

YOGAR, 43 E. Ohio St., Dept. B-15, Chicago

3 QUESTIONS ANSWERED with each Reading

FREE! Lucky Buddha Charm

★ Success? . . . Happiness? . . . Riches? — What does 1934 hold for you? . . . Let **YOGAR**, radio's uncanny Astrologist, guide you wisely! Obtain his new, giant 8,000 word Astrological Forecast and day to day guide to Success and Happiness. His Character Analysis predicts by exact days, dates and months events to come in 1934, based on your Zodiacal sign. **BE SAFE!** . . . Consult it before making business deals, signing papers, seeking new job, and in regard to love, marriage, accidents, investments, friends, enemies, lucky and unlucky days, etc. **SPECIAL!**—**YOGAR** will also answer any 3 questions on any subject, with the purchase of his Astrological Forecast. Send \$1 bill with your name, address, birthdate and 3 questions. **FREE Lucky Buddha Charm** included if you act now! Money back if not exactly as represented. Write today!

YOGAR, 43 E. Ohio St., Dept. B-15, Chicago

3 QUESTIONS ANSWERED with each Reading

FREE! Lucky Buddha Charm

Be a Nurse

MARRIED WOMEN EARN \$25-\$35

You can learn at home in spare time to be a "practical" nurse. One graduate saved \$400 while learning. A housewife earned \$430 in 3 months. Clear, simple lessons. Course endorsed by physicians.

Est. 35 years. Thousands of graduates. Equipment included. High school not required. Easy monthly payments. Men, women, 18-60. Add to your family income!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 292, 1601 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

3 QUESTIONS ANSWERED with each Reading

FREE! Lucky Buddha Charm

Name _____
(State whether Miss or Mrs.)

City _____ State _____ Age _____

and there was an attempted gangster shakedown of Russ. His name was spread across the headlines of every newspaper as a result.

"You're fired," Russ told the manager. "Ah, Russ, remember what you were in Hollywood. And now you're famous. I'll reform. I'll give you my note for \$10,000—"

And Russ did remember. After all, he owed the man whatever this was that he had. Perhaps it was *Fame*, although he began to wonder whether *Hell* wouldn't be a better word to describe it!

"Just one more chance. I've got the new room at the Park Central for us. It's an exact replica of the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles. I'll put on a show that will make you forget all about this."

OF COURSE, the agent won out. He signed the late Fatty Arbuckle; a famous quartette, a twenty-piece band and Hannah Williams. The payroll was \$3,500 a week. Russ argued. "But you can't take in over \$4,000 a week—what is there left?"

"Just leave it to me, boy. This publicity will leave you all to the good. I got you into the other. I'll get you out of it."

He signed the talent for ten weeks. And the third week he disappeared! His attorney telephoned Russ. "He's gone to the coast!" He'd gone—leaving all the bills for Russ. Of course, Russ could have refused to pay them. But the show was billed as *Russ Colombo's!* The publicity would not hurt the manager. It would ruin Colombo.

There seemed to be one compensation. He had found love at last. The one woman! And she loved as he did. All this—this—*Fame* had been worth it since it had brought him to Hannah Williams. He paid the bills for the entire ten weeks, took his loss and faced life with less than ten thousand dollars.

He was worn out and discouraged. His thoughts turned to home. He slipped into Hollywood and the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. No one in the world knew where he was except the only one to whom it really mattered. Hannah Williams. Those three years had been a deadly strain upon a constitution that was never husky. The reaction was immediate. He lay ill with the flu in a strange hotel—and thought of the one woman that had made it all worth while. She had gone to Reno to secure her divorce so that they could marry.

I couldn't get Russ to talk much about this experience. His eyes brood. His hands clasp together and his lips tighten. But from jerky little sentences I gained this.

One morning while he lay there, he received a telegram from Reno. The one woman bravely confessed her affection for him had been a mistake. She loved someone else. She had married Jack Dempsey.

Russ turned from youth to manhood during those four months of isolation. He emerged with a cold, hard determination to take life by the hilt and wield it to please him. Life had handled him, before; now he would handle life.

On the day after he signed at Universal at one-fifth his salary upon Broadway, Darryl Zanuck asked him to play in *Broadway Thru a Keyhole*. There was a compromise. Russ makes two pictures for Twentieth Century a year and three or four for Universal. One of his

PHOTO OR SNAPSHOT ENLARGED

SIZE 16" X 20"

New low price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargement of any part of group picture. Safe return of your original photo, snapshot or tintype guaranteed. Our secret process produces superior enlargements for only 89c.

89c
NEW LOW PRICE

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 89c plus postage or send 91c with order and we pay postage.

FREE With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today. **UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY, 900 W. Lake Street, Dept. B-224, Chicago, Ill.**



WHY SUFFER

from Neuralgia, Sore Muscles, Constipation, Excess Fat, etc.?

We have letters from those who find natural, safe relief with the

HEMP MASSAGER

Only instrument that massages like human hands. Easy to use. No electricity. Order yours direct from this ad.

COMPLETE SET \$4.75
SENT C. O. D.

The CONLEY CO., Inc.

543 1st Ave. N., Rochester, Minn.

Learn to Dance

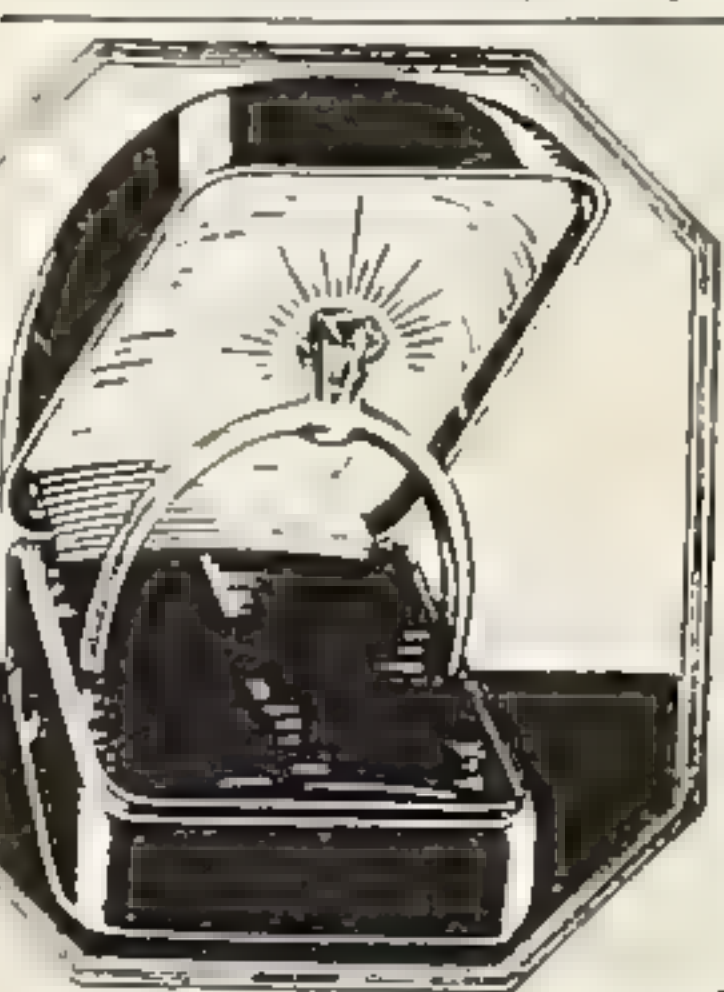
You can learn all the modern dances—the latest Tango steps, the new Fox Trot, dreamy Waltzes, smart Collegiate Steps, and popular Society Steps at home, easily and quickly. New chart method makes dancing as simple as A-B-C. No music or partner required. Don't be a wallflower. Learn to dance. Complete course—256 pages, 64 illustrations, sent on 5 Days' Free Trial. Equals \$20.00 course. Send no money. Pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage upon arrival. Money back if not delighted. Catalog Free.

Franklin Pub. Co., 800 No. Clark St., Dept. D-523, Chicago

REDUCE

3 LBS. A WEEK OR NO COST!

No pills or tablets, no starvation diets, no strenuous exercising, no salts. Send for free trial of Dain Tea. Just drink it with your meals. Watch ugly unhealthy fat disappear. Your request for free trial brings trial supply by return mail and full \$1.00 treatment which you may try under our 10 day refund guarantee. Try Dain Tea at our risk. **DAIN TEA CO., Dept. 14, BALTIMORE, MD.**



FREE RING

To introduce our rainbow flash **MEXICAN ORIZABA** ring (worn by Movie Stars) we will send free a 1 Kt. Spanish im. Diamond Ring (looks like \$150 stone), for this ad and 15c to help pay adv. and handling expense. **Mexican Orizaba Gem Import Co., Dept. FW, 329 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. (2 for 25c).** Agents wanted. Earn \$1.00 an hour spare time. Stamp for Catalog.



\$1260 to \$3300 YEAR STEADY WORK

MEN — WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Dept. T-299, Rochester, N. Y.

CUT ME OUT

and mail me, with your name and address, to Christy, Inc., 1936 Union St., Newark, New York. I will bring you a free sample of Christy's magic polishing Cloth and full details how you, as our Local Manager, have an opportunity to make \$5 to \$10 a day extra in your spare time.

MAIL ME TODAY

POSITION WANTED

Retired physician will accept position as companion. Willing to travel anywhere. Box 1621, San Francisco, California.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

\$15 a week and your own dresses FREE for demonstrating latest lovely Fashion Frocks. No canvassing. Write fully. Give size and color preference. Fashion Frocks, Dept. BB-1042, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HOLLYWOOD

What made their hair grow?

Here is the Answer

"New hair came almost immediately after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing," writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

Frances Lonsdale also has thick, wavy hair now, although at one time it was believed her hair roots were dead. She used Kotalko.



Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling, dandruff has been eliminated, or new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where roots were alive, after using Kotalko.

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not use Kotalko to stimulate new growth of hair? Kotalko is sold at drug stores everywhere.

FREE BOX To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair write for test box.

Kotalko Co., N-450, Station O, New York

Brand New AS LOW AS \$19.75 TYPEWRITER

Guaranteed by REMINGTON. Sensationally new low price and easy terms. Standard 4-row keyboard—fully guaranteed by Remington Co. Send No Money.

10 Day Trial—then 10c A Day
Send for new literature and easy pay plan—only \$1.00 down, then 10c a day. Also bargains in Standard Size refinished office models, sent free. Write for details and special money-making opportunities. 231 W. Monroe St. International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 249, Chicago

SPECIAL EMPLOYMENT for Women who need No Canvassing.

Reliable women needed at once to demonstrate exquisite new Spring frocks. Gorgeous Paris styles, amazing low prices. New plan gives women who have no experience or capital, fascinating, profitable work, full or part time. Send no money, but write fully for elaborate style presentation. Also learn how to get your own dresses without cost. Give size and color preference.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc., Dept. 88-225 Cincinnati, O.

30 REMNANTS 1/2 YDS. BARGAIN! THIS SALE 1/2 PRICE

Ginghams—Percales—Shirtings—Voiles—All Prints, etc. 4 yards of each or More. Our clean, newest colors and latest popular MILL assortment. Direct to you at big savings. Very fine for Dresses, Rompers, Shirts, Aprons, Quilts, etc. Our best quality. **SEND NO MONEY** pay postman \$1.75 plus few cents delivery charges -- 40 YDS. \$2.35; Postage Paid. Money with order. Orders consist of bias and remnants, irregular width. Guaranteed satisfaction or money back. Write today! **NATIONAL DRESS GOODS CO.** 1434 N. WELLS ST., Dept. 259, Chicago

BE A JAZZ MUSIC MASTER



Play Piano By Ear

Play popular song hits perfectly. Hum the tune, play it by ear. No teacher—self-instruction. No tedious ding-dong daily practice—just 20 brief, entertaining lessons, easily mastered.

At Home in Your Spare Time
Send for **FREE BOOK**. Learn many styles of bass and syncopation—trick endings. If 10c (coin or stamps) is enclosed, you also receive wonderful booklet "How to Entertain at Piano"—and many new tricks, stunts, etc.

Niagara School of Music
Dept. 901, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Send for this Free Book

OILY SKIN

is a dangerous breeding ground for BLACKHEADS! Don't squeeze them! Causes Scars! Infection! Dissolve blackheads scientifically, refine Large Pores, stop embarrassing Greasiness "Shine", clear Tanned, Sallow skin with wonderful KLEER-PLEX WASH. Renew! Lightens! Beautifies! See instant improvement! No chemicals. Approved by health authorities and thousands of happy users—men and women. Send \$1 TO-DAY for 2 months' supply to KLEERPLEX (TC) 1 West 34th St. N. Y. C. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! C. O. D. 20c ex. Outside U. S. \$1.25—no C. O. Ds. (Clip this adv.)

first will be *Men Without Fear* for Universal.

He has a scene in *Broadway Thru a Keyhole* which is one of the greatest I have seen given by any actor. And it is his first picture. He is telling Paul Kelly, who plays the gangster, that he loves the girl. When he says it, you choke and you wonder how a new actor could put such feeling into such a simple sentence. But when you know his story, you understand.

"I have just one object now," he had risen and was ready to leave. "Save my dough. I have a little house for Mother and Dad. I'm living with them. I'm back here and I don't believe I'll ever leave. The big world looks marvelous when you have never seen it. Marry?—No. I like all the girls now. Sally Blane, Loretta Young, Carole Lombard—they're all great sports. They're pals. I'm through with love. I'm glad to be back. I want to work hard—and save my money!"

She Dares to Be Different!

Continued from page twenty-two

Most of the Hepburns in this country are descended from Jimmy Hepburn who was one of the lovers of Mary, Queen of Scots, and was hanged for his pains. He was a famous madcap in his day. Perhaps that explains the lady somewhat. It at least makes her descent Scotch, which is a straw to cling to in the mass of misinformation she spins for herself by the hour.

The nice part about the girl is that she is perfectly frank about her fibs being awful. If you can ever catch her, which is usually in an antique exchange store she loves and hunts in all the time, she is perfectly willing to admit that what she told you yesterday was all invention.

If it is a line, it is a remarkably good one. The rumble of thundering approval that came out of the projection room when her very first picture was shown is still going on, louder all the time. The "line" passes the great test for all such things. It works.

There is *Morning Glory* which is always mentioned when the talk drifts to the great masterpieces of the screen. Then there is the recently released *Little Women* in which Katharine tops all her previous accomplishments with a rôle of unforgettable beauty. Her last picture, which she completed before leaving for an engagement on the New York stage, was *Trigger*, a story of a harum-scarum girl faith healer who offers an interesting study in dual personality—a story admirably suited to her. It isn't ready for release yet but we know we can expect another triumph for Katharine.

Hepburn claims to be the god-daughter of Thor, the God of Thunder, so maybe it isn't so very surprising. It's grand fun in the meantime, and has everyone in a stew. So why not strut your stuff, Katharine? We love it!

Another Jean Looms

OUT on the Warner lot in Burbank, they're predicting big things for little Jean Muir, who had never faced a camera until a year ago. They have cast her as one of the leads in Richard Barthelmess' *A Modern Hero*, sufficient glory for any ingénue.

Consult Yogi Alpha

About Your FUTURE



FREE

300 WORD NUMEROLOGY READING with order for Astrological Reading.

The next 12 months are filled with opportunity. What do they hold for YOU?

What will be your lucky days? Will you win in love? What occupation should you follow? Yogi Alpha, internationally known philosopher who has amazed thousands by his uncanny predictions, offers a big 1000 word Life Reading for only 25c. Covers marriage, love, health, partnership, lucky days, etc. You can follow this guide day by day throughout your lifetime and consult it before making any important changes in home, social or business affairs. J. T. writes, "You have given me new faith and hope." M. B. writes, "Everything you predicted came true." R. M. writes, "Have found your forecast absolutely correct. It seems uncanny that one can have that power." Send only 25c in coin or stamps and exact birth date for your Astrological Forecast, Numerology Reading included FREE. Money returned if not satisfied. Mail coupon NOW.

BIG READING ONLY 25c

YOGI ALPHA, Box 1411, Dept. H-13, San Diego, Cal.

Enclosed is 25c for my big life Reading. Money back if not satisfactory. My Numerology Reading (300 words) included FREE.

Name _____ Birth date _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

If you have a friend who wishes a reading, send 50c for TWO Readings.

GOOD YEAR
Firestone-Goodrich
U.S. AND OTHER TIRES
DEALERS WANTED!

HIGH GRADE TIRES
You can rely on Chicago's oldest, most reliable rubber company for tire mileage at lowest cost. Increasing thousands of satisfied motorists all over the U. S. A. prove standard brand tires, reconstructed by Midland are best. Long, hard service on rough roads guaranteed.

50% TO 60% MORE SERVICE

BALLOON TIRES		REG. CORD TIRES	
Size	Rim Tires Tubes	Size	Tires Tubes
29x4.40-21	\$2.15 \$0.85	30x3	\$2.25 \$0.65
29x4.50-20	2.35 0.85	30x3 1/2	2.35 0.75
30x4.50-21	2.40 0.85	31x4	2.95 0.85
28x4.75-19	2.45 0.95	32x4	2.95 0.85
29x4.75-20	2.50 0.95	33x4	2.95 0.85
29x5.00-19	2.85 1.05	32x4 1/2	3.35 1.15
30x5.00-20	2.85 1.05	33x4 1/2	3.45 1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90 1.15	34x4 1/2	3.45 1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95 1.15	30x5	3.65 1.35
30x5.25-20	2.95 1.15	33x5	3.75 1.45
31x5.25-21	3.25 1.15		
28x5.50-18	3.35 1.15		
29x5.50-19	3.35 1.15		
30x6.00-18	3.40 1.15		
31x6.00-19	3.40 1.15		
32x6.00-20	3.45 1.25		
33x6.00-21	3.65 1.25		
32x6.50-20	3.75 1.35		

Send \$1.00 Deposit with each tire ordered. Balance C. O. D. If you send cash in full deduct 5%. You are guaranteed a year's service or replacement at 1/2 price. Order today.

MIDLAND TIRE & RUBBER CO., Dept. 83-C
1000-10 West Sixty-Third Street, Chicago, Illinois

12 MONTH WRITTEN GUARANTY
FREE
SET OF NON-GLARE HEADLIGHT REFLECTORS
50% more headlight power; pierces fog; makes night driving safe

CORNS AND CALLOUSES

REMOVES THEM
AN OINTMENT - QUICK AND EASY TO APPLY. DOES NOT SOIL STOCKINGS.

30c a jar at your Druggist's

Generous SAMPLE for Thorough Test

Your Name _____

Street _____

City and State _____

Druggist's Name _____

Address _____

THE MOSS CO., Rochester, N. Y.

MAGIC CHEESE CHIPS
Coast-to-Coast Success!
OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE
UP TO \$60 TO \$300 A WEEK
AT HOME



MAGIC CHEESE CHIPS
 COAST-TO-COAST SUCCESS!

NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE
Experience Unnecessary—
No Costly Machine to Buy

The new coast-to-coast food hit. You work at home, chips come to you already made. Simply drop into hot grease and they're ready to eat! No complicated work, no experience, no failures! Opportunity to make up to \$30 first day, and high as \$60 to \$300 week clear! Not a machine. No need to buy special equipment. Stores do your selling for you. A phenomenal success! Sells faster than potato chips, donuts. Magic Cheese Chips are big, fluffy, giant-size chips, bigger than potato chips. Irresistible taste makes them act like an appetizer. The more you eat the more you want to eat and you never get filled up! It's a revelation! Crowds Maine to California devouring thousands of pounds weekly!

You Don't Invest a Red Cent

until you have sold yourself on the possibilities. You must sell yourself first before we permit you to invest, and our novel plan enables you to decide without cost! Then you can start with \$8.50 investment, put back the enormous profits, building up without another penny investment if you wish! Send for Actual Photo-Copies of Orders from Men, Women Starting at Scratch—then ordering 50 to 200 Pounds Weekly—Pays Distributors Tremendous Profits. Men and women succeed alike. No super-salesmanship—no skill—no big investment—no canvassing. We furnish everything—advertising, display stands, etc. Don't wait until it's too late to get the **FIRST BIG PROFITS** in your locality. Write at once and share the enormous profits immediately!

FLUFF-O MFG. CO.
 Dept. 1045-B, St. Louis, Mo.

NEW NOW

The Smash Hit of the day! The big fad at parties, outdoor games, People everywhere munching 'em on the streets! Takes instantly! Biggest food novelty boom in years!

Virgin Territory Available

Hundreds of successful businesses now operating. Thousands of open territories. Hundreds of cities open—thousands of small towns. Immediate success possible anywhere. Write today.

Revealed

... at last!

... the secret romance of Katharine Hepburn, the vibrant, scintillating star of the new "They Came Unarmed" is packed with as deep emotion as the parts she has so vividly portrayed. Read this thrilling revelation in

FEBRUARY

True Confessions

On Sale At All Newsstands 10c



IF YOU HAVE
GRAY HAIR
 and **DON'T LIKE a**
MESSY MIXTURE....
 then write today for my
FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair. **ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 36, LOWELL, MASS.**

THE GUIDE TO NEW PICTURES!

Brief reviews of the season's film fare

NEW PRODUCTIONS

AAAA—BLOOD MONEY—Rousing entertainment of the most popular brand. Be sure to see it. Frances Dee, George Bancroft, Judith Anderson, Chick Chandler and Blossom Seeley.—*Twentieth Century*.

AAAA—CHRISTOPHER BEAN—Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore in delightfully amusing entertainment.—*Metro*.

AAA—CONVENTION CITY—Amusing exposé of the badger game. Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Guy Kibbee, Ruth Donnelly, Frank McHugh, Patricia Ellis.—*First National*.

AAAA—COUNSELLOR AT LAW—John Barrymore fairly outdoes himself in this rôle. Isabel Jewel and Bebe Daniels also outstanding.—*Universal*.

AAAA—CRADLE SONG—Dorothea Wieck scores a triumph in her first American film. Sweet, idealistic picture not to be missed. Louise Dresser and others in the cast.—*Paramount*.

AAAA—DANCING LADY—Joan Crawford gives inspired performance as show girl while Franchot Tone and Clark Gable lend conviction to their rôles.—*Metro*.

AA—DARK HAZARD—Newest Edward G. Robinson vehicle entertaining but not up to his usual high standard. Genevieve Tobin, Glenda Farrell, Gordon Wescott.—*First National*.

AAA—DUCK SOUP—Marx Brothers will send you into convulsions. Amusing situations and gags screamingly funny.—*Paramount*.

AAA—GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM—Charles Farrell scores in his interpretation of a perfect sap. Marguerite Churchill, Charles Ruggles, Walter Woolf, Gregory Ratoff, Grace Bradley.—*Paramount*.

AAA—HOOPLA—Clara Bow scores in story of carnival. Supporting cast includes Richard Cromwell, Norman Foster and Minna Gombell.—*Fox*.

AAA—KING FOR A NIGHT—Dramatic story starring Chester Morris and Helen Twelvetrees. Morris gives exceptional performance. Alice White, John Miljan, Grant Mitchell, Frank Albertson.—*Universal*.

AAA—LADY KILLER—Plenty of thrills in the latest Jimmy Cagney, Mae Clarke picture. Margaret Lindsey, Leslie Fenton and others.—*Warners*.

AAAA—LITTLE WOMEN—Katharine Hepburn superb in outstanding interpretation. Joan Bennett, Paul Lukas, Frances Dee and others also do exceptionally well.—*Radio*.

AAAA—ONLY YESTERDAY—Poignantly emotional love story introduces Margaret Sullivan, superb actress, to the screen. John Boles and Billie Burke.—*Universal*.

AAAA—SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?—Comedy in its highest form. Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore distinguish themselves. Mary Carlisle, Conway Tearle and Katherine Alexander also score heavily. See it.—*Metro*.

AAA—SITTING PRETTY—Jack Oakie and Jack Haley in Hollywood story. Ginger Rogers adds a refreshing note. Songs catchy. Thelma Todd and others.—*Paramount*.

AAA—SON OF A SAILOR—Joe E. Brown performs capably in a made-to-order rôle. Supporting cast, including Thelma Todd, Jean Muir and Johnny Mack Brown, excellent.—*Warners*.

AAA—THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE—Ann Harding in new rôle as woman doctor. Good entertainment. Robert Young, Nils Asther, Sari Maritza, Delmar Watson.—*Radio*.

NOW SHOWING AT NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRES

AAA—A MAN'S CASTLE—Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young score in beautiful story that will appeal to idealists.—*Fox*.

AAAA—BERKELEY SQUARE—Fanciful story in which a man is suddenly set down to live in a bygone century. Leslie Howard and Heather Angel give inspired performances.—*Lasky-Fox*.

AAAA—BLONDE BOMBSHELL—Jean Harlow at her best in a satirical story of Hollywood and a movie star. Lee Tracy excellent. Perfect entertainment.—*Metro*.

AAA—CHANCE AT HEAVEN—Three cornered love with Joel McCrea compelled to decide between Marian Nixon and Ginger Rogers. Good hokum, comedy and romance.—*Radio*.

AAA—COLLEGE COACH—Genuine entertainment in story of a football racket as pursued by a university. Pat O'Brien, Lyle Talbot, Ann Dvorak, Dick Powell.—*Warners*.

AAAA—DINNER AT EIGHT—Fascinating drama, comedy and tragedy with Lionel and John Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, Warner Baxter, Lee Tracy, Karen Morley, Phillips Holmes, Madge Evans, Franchot Tone.—*Metro*.

AAA—ELYSIA—Beautiful photographed story of life in a nudist camp, delicately handled and will not shock.—*Bryan Foy*.

AAAA—ESKIMO—Beautifully filmed, unforgettable story of life in the far North; all-Eskimo cast excellent.—*Metro*.

AAA—FEMALE—Ruth Chatterton at last in rôle worthy of her talents. Witty, amusing, dramatic story of dual-natured woman. George Brent, Johnny Mack Brown.—*First National*.

AAA—FROM HEADQUARTERS—Headquarters homicide solves an engrossing murder mystery. Recommended as an exciting time for all. George Brent, Margaret Lindsay, Dorothy Burgess, Eugene Pallette.—*Warners*.

AAA—HAVANA WIDOWS—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell score in story of gold-digging chorus girls. Guy Kibbe, Lyle Talbot.—*First National*.

AAA—LADIES MUST LOVE—June Knight, Dorothy Burgess, Sally O'Neill and Mary Carlisle dig gold on Park Avenue. Frolicsome, lively.—*Universal*.

AAA—SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—A pigskin hero looks upon football as a racket until blackmail awakens his college spirit. Robert Young, Leila Hyams, Johnny Mack Brown, Mary Carlisle.—*Universal*.

AAA—STAGE MOTHER—Alice Brady scores again in title rôle. Maureen O'Sullivan, Franchot Tone, Phillips Holmes.—*Metro*.

AAA—THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET—Kay Francis tops all previous rôles in absorbing story of mother love. Gene Raymond, Ricardo Cortez, Sheila Terry.—*Warners*.

AAA—THE MAD GAME—Spencer Tracy scores in story of gangster who returns from prison to break up kidnaping activities of his mob. Don't miss it. Claire Trevor, John Miljan, Kathleen Burke.—*Fox*.

AAAA—THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY—Entertainment plus, with prizefighter winning gangster's sweetheart. Max Baer, Primo Carnera, Myrna Loy, Jack Dempsey and others in great cast. See it.—*Metro*.

AAA—THE WOMAN SPY—Wartime romance that will grip and hold your interest. Constance Bennett scores and Gilbert Roland is convincing.—*Radio*.

AAA—WAY TO LOVE—Not as good as some of Maurice Chevalier's pictures but entertaining. Deals with complications resulting when he befriends Ann Dvorak, partner of a knife-thrower.—*Paramount*.

AAA—WHITE WOMAN—Charles Laughton, Carole Lombard and Charles Bickford in sophisticated story of love in Malay archipelago.—*Paramount*.

9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN Suffer Pain—Needlessly

Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically

What Pain Is

MODERN doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capillaries. The capillaries, (minute blood vessels) become congested, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe* pain.

New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1)

blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation. Its

Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

HEXIN, Inc.

8 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HEXIN, INC., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago
Please send me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

"I SAW JANE YESTERDAY. SHE WAS ONE OF MY BRIDESMAIDS AND NOW—POOR THING—SHE LOOKS OLD ENOUGH TO BE THE MOTHER OF THE OTHER GIRLS."

"NOW ONDER—SHE HAS SUFFERED FROM SO MANY HEADACHES SHE IS BOUND TO LOOK OLD. WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER TO TAKE HEXIN?"



alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid** tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

**HEXIN IS ALKALINE (non-acid).



Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".



— about Cigarettes

Of all the ways in which tobacco is used the cigarette is the mildest form

YOU know, ever since the Indians found out the pleasure of smoking tobacco, there have been many ways of enjoying it.

But of all the ways in which tobacco is used, the cigarette is the mildest form.

Another thing—cigarettes are about the most convenient smoke. All you have to do is strike a match.

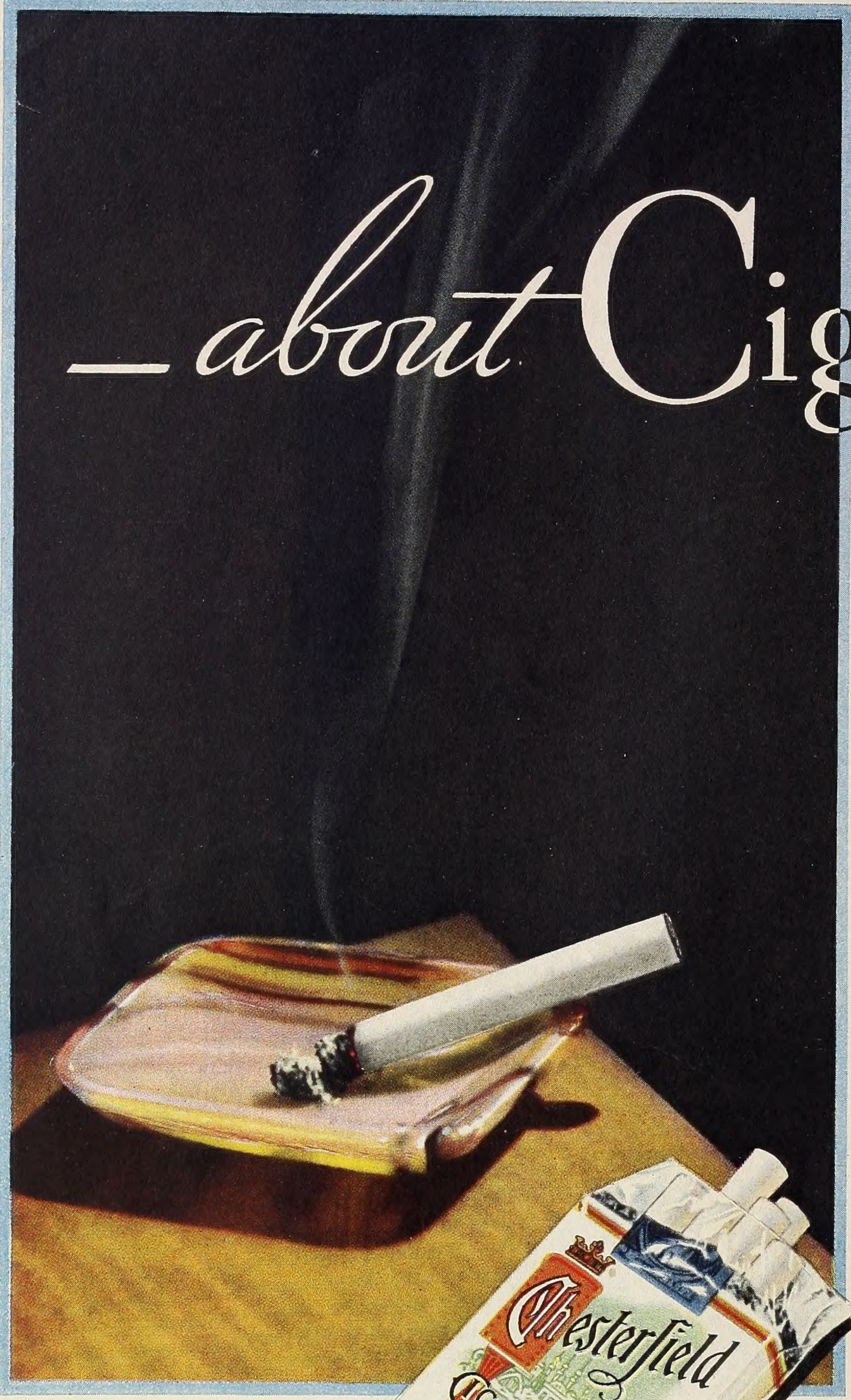
Everything that money can buy and everything that Science knows about is used to make Chesterfields. The tobaccos are blended and cross-blended the right way — the cigarettes are made right — the paper is right.

There are other good cigarettes, of course, but Chesterfield is

the cigarette that's
MILDER

the cigarette that
TASTES BETTER

—we ask you to try them



Chesterfield

They Satisfy